

STORIES OF THE FIGHTERS

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Photo by Hall: New York

CHARLES (KID) MCCOY.

HE HAS ANNOUNCED HIS DETERMINATION TO QUIT THE RING FOR THE RACE TRACK.

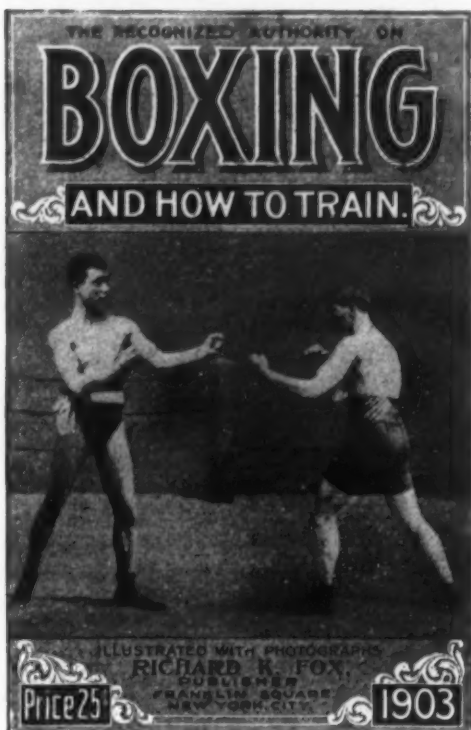


RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, June 27, 1903.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE BEST EVER PUBLISHED.



(Size, 5x7 1/2 inches.)

You can learn something from this book even if you do know how to box. Your attention is called to Muldoon's chapter on training.

CHALLENGES.

If You Are Looking For a Contest
You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Otto Vogel, of Manitowoc, Wis., issues a challenge to ride a race on unicycles.

I will match Eddie Davidow, of Patchogue, L. I., against any lightweight in the East. Jack English.

"Kid" Coffey, the New York boxer, who is fighting in fine form at present, would like to meet anyone in his class.

I will make a match with any bootblack in the country for \$100 a side. Ed. Jones, 1312 Sixteenth street, Denver, Col.

Pat Langer, of Anaconda, Mont., is willing to meet any 110-pound boxer in the State. His present address is Hurley, Wis.

I will match 42-pound Ted Tompkins against any dog of his weight in the country. Ben L. Merlette, Bessemer, Ala.

I am ready to meet any heavyweight boxer in the business. My weight is 240 pounds. Bert (Kid) Fuller, Denver, Col.

I will make a match on behalf of Americans with any welterweight wrestler. Charles J. Welsh, 418 Robert street, Baltimore.

Albert Flechsig, of the Hell Gate A. C., of New York City, would like to meet any lightweight wrestler at catch-as-catch-can.

Jack McCormick, the heavyweight wrestler of Philadelphia, is out with a challenge to meet any of the big grapplers.

Jimmy Carey, a 135-pound wrestler of San Antonio, Tex., wants to meet any man in the Southwest at catch-as-catch-can.

Willis Roberts and Frank Rupp, two 65-pound boxers of Warsaw, Ill., are ready to make matches for limited round bouts.

Jimmy Kelly, the New York lightweight boxer, who has fought as often as twice a week during the past month, is open to meet anyone at 133 or 135 pounds.

I will match Harry Griffin, who has a record of fifty-seven winning fights, with Joe Gans or Jimmy Britt at any weight. W. Gee, Chicago (Ill.) Journal.

On behalf of Charles Gunther, the 85-pound boxing champion of Baltimore, I challenge any boy in the world. Franklin Brown, 1520 East Pratt street, Baltimore, Md.

RED-HAIRED BURLESQUER GOES HOME TO THE FARM

—WITH A CRIMP IN HER FINANCES—

Plans to Have a Swell Time at the Home of Her Childhood Until She Gets a Good Engagement.

HUNGRY MOSQUITOES, BUM GRUB AND A HARD BED.

Stays One Night, Makes a Touch for \$20 and Then Flies the Coop After a Strenuous Seance With the Old Folks,

"I was reading a piece of poetry the other day," said the red-haired young woman, whose particular talent lay in carrying a tin spear with ten, twenty and thirty burlesque shows, and whose fad was wearing her make-up and stage jewelry on the street, "and it made me sick. I'll bet it was wrote by a guy who never was on a farm in his life. He starts off by telling about a girl who ran away from home on the farm and went to New York to join a show. She joined all right, and then he has a pipe dream about how she stays up all night drinking wine with a lot of swell guys who didn't know no better. Talk about your fairy tales, that was one for fair."

"After awhile he has her get sick, and all her friends leave her and the 'damask on her cheek departs,' whatever that is. He has her 'part with her Jewelled gems, one by one,' and then, when she's down and out, he has her go back to the old folks on the farm, where she marries a rube who has another farm, and she gets to be all right."

"I had a swell crimp put in me about four years ago, and it was a good one, too. Talk about your hard luck. It came my way in bunches. At last I was fired from the boarding-house, and if it hadn't been for a couple of good-hearted soubrettes, what was working in Huber's that week, I guess I would have been on the street."

"Home for me," says I to myself; 'back to the little old farm two miles from Freehold, N. J., and I'll stay there until I get a date.'

"So I made a touch for the railroad fare, and away I goes with my grip and my old theatrical trunk. I got there about 6 o'clock at night and had to walk all the way from the railroad station. The mosquitoes had me near dead before I went half a mile. Then it got dark and I went into a mud hole up to my knees."

"At last I got there, and you can bet I was glad to get to a place where I could set down."

"The old folks give me the glad hand all right, and I squared myself to put away a good, square meal."

"Are you hungry?" asks my mother.

"Am I?" says I. "Why, say, I could eat a horse."

"Well, we don't eat horses here, and you must have been in some queer places since you've been away," says she, "but I'll fix you up a nice little supper."

"Honest, it don't sound right to roast your own folks, but there's a Dutchman with the mange, on Second avenue, who lays out a better free lunch than the lay-out I got. I was expecting fresh milk and cream, fried chicken and salad out of the garden, and apple pie, with a table cloth, and what do I get?"

"Skimmed milk and bacon!"

"Ha, ma," says I, "is this the limit?"

"I don't know what kind of language you're using to your mother," she says, "but if you mean the food, it's been good enough for me and your father for forty years, and I guess it's good enough for you."

"Well, that puts me up stage for fair. We sit around a bum lamp until 9 o'clock, and I'm telling them all kinds of funny stories, and I'm just in the middle of a corker when the clock strikes."

"Now, Melindy," says the old man, "it's bed time, and you can finish that story to-morrow night."

"Wasn't that enough to put you on the bum as an entertainer?"

"It made me feel like the time a swell-looking guy met me when we was in Minneapolis. He steered me up to a jewelry window, and says to me:

"Which one of those diamond rings would you like to have?"

"That one," says I, pointing to a cluster with a ruby in the middle."

"So would I," says he. 'Let's go and get a glass of beer and wish again.'

"The old lady give me the room I used to have before I batted into the business. I'll take the rocky coast of Maine for mine the next time. The bed felt as if it was full of stones, and I didn't blame myself for leaving the farm. It was like throwing a sheet over a railroad track and conning yourself that it was the Waldorf-Astoria."

"Funny noises outside all night long, and inside the mosquitoes picking out soft spots on me. Sleep? Why, only a dead man could sleep on that."

"About 3 o'clock the flies began to buzz, and at 4 o'clock the old lady came up to wake me for breakfast. I don't wonder the folks on farms are nearly always thin. We had hominy and more of that bacon."

"I'll tell you one thing, and that's this: A girl in my business don't tear under the wing after she's been on the road a couple of seasons, but the farm graft was too strong for me, so about 12 o'clock, when the old man came in for dinner, I braces up and says to him:

"Look here, pop, I'll cut this all out, and break away, if you'll stake me to a twenty-case note until I get on my feet."

"You ought to have seen him look."

"What's the matter with your feet, hurt 'em?" says he.

"Hurt 'em? Nix! I'm on the bum on account of getting thrown down by the last manager I had. The ghost didn't walk for twenty weeks."

"Ye hain't calkerlating to see ghosts, be ye?" says he.

"Well, in my business if you don't see a ghost every week you might as well blow out the gas."

"Hiram," butts in the old lady, looking kind of frightened, "mebbe our darter has jined the spiritualists."

"Ye hain't, be ye?" asks the old man.

"Nix, nix," says I. "I'm joining nothing. I'm doing all I can to keep off the turf. I'm just making a touch, that's all."

"Well, say, do you know it took me an hour to put them wise, and when I got it I screwed my nut for Broadway, and between you and I, I wouldn't play a date at the farm again for \$100 a week, not even if I was featured and had the star's dressing room, and any long-haired opium fiend that writes poetry about it has got a first-class ticket to the daffy house in his top vest pocket."

"Rosalee was just here," remarked the ex-toe dancer, "and she certainly has been playing in hard luck. She got on a car the other day, and it was so crowded she had to stand up. No, I can't say, although I'm a friend of hers and always have been and always will be, that she's what you might call handsome. She looks very well after dark, but this was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and she had been to the bargain counter rush and was a little tired. And when Rosalee is tired she shows it so in her face."

"Well, there she was dangle dangle from a strap—and you know how short she is and she's no featherweight, either. Her toes didn't much more than touch the floor, and she weighs all of 170. And just then the car gave a lurch and the strap broke, and Rosalee sat right down on such a handsome young man! Wasn't that a lovely beginning for a romance? Of course,

Rosalee was all blushed as she struggled to her feet and apologized so sweetly. And the young man got right up and made room for her, and Rosalee said, 'Oh, thank you so much!' and the young man said, 'I only regret that I didn't give you the seat sooner.' And Rosalee noticed that he said it with a kind of groan, and that he limped badly as he walked back, and then she heard him ask the conductor to let him off at the first doctor's office. Wasn't that a shame?"

"Well, she got a little satisfaction out of it. She asked the railroad company for \$50 because the strap broke, and they gave her \$2.00 and told her to diet and grow taller."

Kissing pretty girls is conducive to obesity. This is the conclusion which Arthur Dunn, of "The Runaways" Company arrived at recently. The dap-



Photo by White: New York.

MINNIE COLLINS,

One of the Many Attractive Beauties with
Watson's American Burlesquers.

per comedian has for more than two weeks past been going through arduous oculatory exercises nightly with numerous encores, his victims being six of the prettiest Casino chorus girls who represent the widows of His Late Majesty King Goulash. He has given them a kiss for each day in the week, with an extra supply for Sundays, and naturally imagined that such proceedings would not put flesh on him. The other day he walked into a cafe on West Forty-second street, and standing tip-toe on an automatic machine struggled to reach the slot. When he had eventually succeeded in dropping a penny therein, he was horrified to see the pointer on the dial swing around to ten beyond the century mark. Dunn considers that there should be just one hundred pounds of him when at his normal weight. Since singing the kissing song he has gained just ten pounds. That is at the rate of about three pounds a week. He has made a calculation that by the end of the run of "The Runaways" at the Casino, at that rate, he will weigh about three hundred and sixteen pounds. That will be tough on the stately widow who carries him off the stage clinging to her ruby lips, at the conclusion of the song, each night.

Please pass the wreath to the Pittsburg press agent.

It's his because it belongs to him.

He has enlisted Jove on his side.

No runaways, milk-bath parties, fortune-made-in-stocks, cousin-of-the-President for him.

Lightning.

Nothing short of an electrical bolt.

His heroine, passing to her dressing room during a thunder storm, reached the region of the switchboard. The lightning reached there at the same time.

The board was struck.

The heroine was stunned.

A doctor worked over her for fifteen minutes.

She "pluckily refused to go home, but went on with the performance."

At last accounts the lightning was doing well and was expected to recover, but it had a narrow escape.

The luckiest rat on earth is a new pet of one of the statuesque blondes who adorn "The Sultan of Sulu." It eats sugar from her lips. It runs over her neck and shoulders with the agility of a chamol among its native Alps. At the theatre she keeps her pet in the dressing room which she and a dozen other young women occupy. The others do not share her affection for the rat. The ability to put on a pair of silk tights while standing on a chair qualifies any young woman to appear publicly as an equilibrist.

The best book on wrestling is now ready. It contains everything: is by Champion George Rothner. Fully illustrated. Price, 25 cents; this office.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

MAUDE KEAST.

Dainty and Sprightly Little Comedienne who
is in the Legitimate.

After that I came to a hill that I used to ride down on a home-made sled when I was a kid, and maybe I didn't loosen up when I climbed it that hot night.

Anybody can make their own cosmetics and perfumes if they have Fox's "Barber's Recipe Book." Price, 25 cents.

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS OF VAUDEVILLIANS IN CHARACTER ARE PUBLISHED FREE IN THE POLICE GAZETTE

HOW OLD RACE HORSES

—SCIENTIFICALLY TREATED—

BROUGHT HOME THE MONEY

"Dope" Used by a Guttenburg Veterinary Put Speed Into Runners That Had Gone Back.

HOW HE MADE THE BOOKMAKERS PAY HIM.

Doses Given by Means of the Hyperdermic Needle and Pills Caused a Startling but Temporary Reversal of Form.

When a racing man, or a man who bets on the races, talks about dope, he doesn't mean a narcotic. In his vocabulary dope is the previous performances of horses, or a collection of figures which he believes will enable him to sift the good ponies from the bad ones, and pick a winner.

But there is another kind of dope—the kind that first came into use among horsemen at Guttenburg. The track on the Palisades was responsible for many evils of the turf, but this was the worst that ever sprang into existence among the many racing outlaws that made that place their rendezvous. A doctor was responsible for its introduction. He was a veterinary surgeon who attended the sick horses at the track and he brought forth the "elixir of speed."

It was first used on a big, black horse, a cripple. This horse had once been very fast, but physical ailments took all the speed and courage away from him and he had been relegated to the "also ran" class. His owner, a poor fellow with more hope than dollars, worked as a stable hand for other stables to earn oats and hay for his one chance to secure a fortune. He patched his legs up so that he could stand without shaking as though he had the delirium tremens, started him several times, and saw him finish far back in the rack.

Then the "doctor" appeared with his speed producer. He said that he had something that would make the old "skate" forget his pain, would fire him with all his old ambition to race, and that it would not cost the owner a cent. Would the owner allow him to inject the drug in the horse? Would he? Well! Such a thing as a conscience was never heard of by a Guttenburg horseman.

So the "doctor" brought forth his little "needle" and gave the horse the injection that was to fill his almost broken heart with the courage of a Salvo. In a short time the stimulant began to act. So did the horse. He jumped and snorted around like a young two-year-old. He forgot his ills and troubles and went to the post with his old life, his fast one, renewed. His speed came back and he beat his field in a gallop. The "doctor" cashed in the thousands.

The philanthropic but wise "doctor" never charged for the use of his services when he used the "dope." All he desired was the consent of the owner to use it and a promise of secrecy. He picked out a horse that once possessed speed, but had lost his best form, placed the "needle" to him and then went into the ring and backed him. He made the bookmakers pay his fee.

In recent years "dope" has been improved upon. It has changed its formula and is made up of other drugs than those used at the Gut.

When the use of it was no longer allowed by the turf authorities the "needle" was discarded and the "ball" substituted. The use of the syringe left a tell-tale mark

will not race without it. Their appetites become impaired, and after a time they become wrecks, the same as the men and women who are addicted to the opium habit.

One of the signs of the use of dope in a horse is profuse perspiration. Just as soon as it begins to act he breaks out into a sweat. A little walking exercise causes him to "lather" as if he had raced two miles at top speed. His eyes begin to look unnaturally brilliant, and he becomes restless and ill at ease. He is anxious to run, and can scarcely be restrained from doing so while going to the post.

Blueaway, who dropped dead after a race, was credited with being a "dope" horse. He got so much of it, some trainers claimed, that he was a "fiend" and would not race without it. He evidently died from too much stimulant.

Perhaps the most notorious of the "dope" horses was the one called W. B. This horse subsequently became known throughout the United States as the "ringer" Polk Badgett. Two brothers bought W. B., clipped off his long tail and dyed his dark hair and white markings. They then brought him West, entered him as "Polk Badgett," and bet on him heavily.

W. B. was a fast horse, but a most erratic one. He had a temper all his own. "Dope" appeared to quiet him, and he ran well with it. The brothers knew this, and gave it to him before the race. At the post "Polk Badgett" got in a fight with the starter, and while trying to kick the latter's brains out with his heels was left at the post. The fraud was subsequently discovered and horse and owners ruled off. The stewards of the Jockey Club are keeping a sharp lookout for "dope" these days.

Wrestling is booming now. Get Champion Geo. Bothner's new book. Seventy-three full-page illustrations. Price, 25 cents; this office.

M'PADDEN WON OVER SANTRY.

Hugh McPadden, of Brooklyn, was given a decision over Eddie Santry, of Chicago, at the Empire Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., June 9, at the end of ten rounds of hot fighting. McPadden made Santry take the count in the second round, and, although Santry was game, the result was never in doubt after that.

SCHRECK WHIPS ANDY WALSH.

Mike Schreck, of Cincinnati, handed out one of the worst beatings ever seen in St. Louis, on the night of June 11, Andy Walsh, the Brooklyn boxer, being the victim. There was nothing to the fight but Schreck. He was all over the man from the East and hammered him at will. Walsh did the more clever work, but it

seemed willing to take rather than get in close before having his man sized up. Before the end of the round, though, he had the Brooklynite gauged and then the slaughter began. Schreck simply waded in and fought. He stuck to rules all right, but he might as well have used an ax. He could not have hurt Walsh more with a cleaver, for the blows he landed were crushing and seemed to be hard enough to fell an ox. That Walsh was able to stand up under them was the marvellous part of the exhibition. He did his best to fight back, but after the second round did not have enough strength to be dangerous and had to devote most of his time to covering and clinching.

HOW HE WON THE MONEY.

He drifted into the betting ring with all his glit lamps and wearing bells, looking "all the money." The last time he had been seen was during the first week at the Park, after he had dropped all he had on a "sure-thing-you-know" tip from the trainer of a hitherto unheard-of two-year-old in a maiden race. And for that matter the same two-year-old is still unheard of and bids fair to remain in that class.

"Well," one of the gang asked: "What was it? Did your rich uncle die and leave you a fortune; did a tip of yours actually get under the wire in front at a long price, or is there any other good reason for this display of wealth?"

"Wipe the slate," he replied, "and chalk 'em up again. You're all off. I've got a new scheme and it is a winner. Don't I look the part?"

After much persuasion he was finally induced to loosen up and explain his new graft.

"Well, it's this way. I don't mind putting you next, because I don't think any of you chaps will butt into my game. You see, after I went to the bad here I figured out that if I wanted to get anything down it would have to be as a piker and it was the field for mine. I raked up a few by hocking my shiners and spread it around lightly in the field books. Nothin' doin'.

"Then I sat down and began to figure that when I played a skate to finish somewhere, anywhere in the money, he invariably trailed, or acted in some such foolish manner. That set me to thinking harder and a bright idea trickled into my mind tank.

"The next day I went to the track as usual, and instead of betting I sauntered around among the acquaintances I had made since the hoodoo thing shut me out of the real betting ring, and asked them what they thought would finish last in each race. They all gave me the laugh. Said it was too easy. Result, I quietly started to make a book on the race backward. Let me explain. I laid odds against the bottom choices of the horses that would finish last and would not finish in the money. Say, the way those guys came for me when they got onto the curves of the book I was making was a sight for men.

"I did fairly well the first day, and better on the second day of my 'playing backward' book, and on the following days I had to hire a couple of extra sheet writers. It was a novelty, and the way that my clients could not pick the last horse and the skate that would not finish one, two, three has simply made my fortune.

"Am I coming back into your fold? Well, I guess not. Nit. No. My graft is the best ever, and if you don't think so try a fling at my 'playing backward' book to-morrow and I'll lend you the price of the trip back to Forty-second street and Broadway after I get through taking your money. Figure it out.

"Well, so long."

HOW HE LOST A FORTUNE.

"The nearest I ever saw a man come to a fortune," said the old bookmaker, "was some years ago at Garfield Park when Ed Corrigan ran things out there. This fellow was a piker at the beginning of the meet. Always played in the two-dollar books, and never seemed to get much ahead. One day he wandered over to me, and with a good deal of nervousness put down \$10 on a 100 to 1 shot. Well, sir, that man never moved from my stand until the race had been run. I told him after they were off that he had no chance to win, but he just stayed near me, and said he was afraid to look at the race. 'I can't win if I ever see the race,' he said. Well, sir, the horse he picked—I can't recall its name now—did win, and he cashed in for his thousand. I never saw a man so happy in all my life. There had been a heavy play on the favorite, and I was glad for reasons of my own to see the old fellow win.

"I asked him what he was going to do with the money, and he said something about having started with a shoestring which he was going to run up to a fortune. He made no more bets that day—in fact, I didn't see him again for nearly a week. Then one afternoon he came out again, just as shabby as ever, but with all of his thousand ready to bet. This time he was wise and played the favorite at 2 to 1. Just for the fun of the thing I begged him to go and look at the race, but he wouldn't. No, sir; he stuck right in the betting ring, and after the race he cashed in two thousand ahead of the game. Of course, he did not make his play all in my book, but I knew about what he had played. That built up his account to an even three thousand dollars.

"A week later he came out once more, and this time I wouldn't have known him if he hadn't told me who he was. He had a shave, and a hair cut and new clothes till you couldn't rest. He was very nervous and confided in me almost as soon as he came near me. He had another good thing, what the animal's name was doesn't matter, but we were offering 40 and 50 to 1 against it. I'm a son of a gun if the old man didn't gallop around the ring and put down every dollar he had in the world on that mare. He stood to win about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on that race, and we stood to lose it. I don't expect you to believe this. I wouldn't myself if I had not seen it. At the

start the mare the old man had backed took the lead, and held it all the way around the backstretch and on past the three-quarters. We could hear the mare's name above everything else. Suddenly the old man jumped up. 'I can't stand it,' he cried, 'I must see that mare win,' and off he dashed. Well, sir, the very moment the old man reached the rail the horses were about a furlong from the post, and as he looked at the mare well in the lead she turned clean over, throwing her jockey nearly a hundred feet. She had tripped on her own feet, and of course could not get up in time to get even a place.

"The old man came back to me after it was all over. He was white and old-looking and drawn. 'That,' he said sadly, 'is the fifth time I've lost a fortune by trying to see my selection win.'

"I staked him to a few dollars, and he went away. I never saw him since, but I've often wondered just what there was in that hoodoo of his."

GIRL'S ODD FREAK.

Dressed in Male Attire, She Tried to Enlist as a Soldier.

Although the commanding officers at the Willets Point, N. Y., army post have made every effort to keep the matter quiet it has leaked out that a hand-



MAURICE F. DANIHY.

Hustling Newsman of Rochester, N. Y., who Umpired the Fastest Amateur Baseball Game on Record.

some young woman, the daughter of a prominent Yonkers physician, recently made an effort to enlist as a private in one of the artillery companies. She was near the consummation of her plans when her father located her and took her home.

The young woman, who is said to be of a roving disposition, recently got tired of the quiet life she was leading at Yonkers and decided to have some excitement in the army. A directory told her the location of Fort Totten, at Willets Point, and dressed in a suit of conventional black, with a Prince Albert coat, she presented herself at the quartermaster's headquarters and applied for admission to the army. To all appearances the would-be soldier was a handsome looking young man, a little below the average height, having curly blonde hair and delicate features.

As is customary, the applicant, for admission to the army was temporarily assigned to one of the companies to await the medical examination, and to give ample time for the would-be recruit to make up his mind, as it is a rule that Uncle Sam does not take advantage of anyone who may have formed a conclusion to join the army on the impulse of the moment, and might, after some deliberation, regret the step taken when it was too late. Pending investigation, the adjutant assigned quarters to the girl in the soldiers' dormitory. The girl seemed perfectly at home, fraternized with the men, having supper with them in the messroom, and lining up with the rest when retreat was sounded. Nothing suspicious was noticed about the young applicant, only that she seemed of a retiring disposition and did not smoke, swear or drink.

This would-be son of Mars spent the night in the men's quarters, sleeping on one of the soldiers' cots in the barracks. Nothing unusual was noticed, however.

Early the next morning the Yonkers physician arrived at the fortification and took the girl home. She is quoted as saying that she fully enjoyed the escapade, and regrets having been found.

The adjutant at the fort says that it would have been impossible for her to enlist in the army, for she would, of course, have been discovered during the medical examination. The name of the young woman is known to the military authorities, but is being kept a secret among them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harry Vardon won the open golf championship of Great Britain recently, with a total of 200 strokes, breaking all previous records.

Young Martin, who is playing sensational ball at second for the Senators, was picked up at Altoona, Pa., where he was playing with a semi-professional team.

Jack McCormick is another wrestler who intends to visit England in the near future. McCormick a few days ago received an offer from a friend in London, who advises him to go abroad, saying that there is a fine chance for a good American wrestler over there.

You can become an expert wrestler by following the instructions in George Bothner's new book published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.



STANLEY C. HAYLES.

A Young Man of Meridian, Miss., who Shows what Physical Culture can do with Practice.

behind. Wherever the "needle" entered the flesh puffed up and remained in that condition until the effects of the drug had worn off. It was this sign that paddock judges searched for when looking for horses that were supposed to be "doped."

The drug is now given in a "ball." It is not so dangerous to those who use it, and it does not leave a trace of its existence behind.

"Dope" cannot make a horse that never possessed speed run fast. What it can do and what it does is to revive in an old horse that once possessed great speed, but who has become sour and ill-tempered from training, his old ambition to try his best. For the time being he is so under its influence that he forgets himself completely and has but one motive in life—to run just as far and as fast as he can.

After several doses horses become fiends for it. They

went for nothing with a rushing, slugging, slashing fighter like Schreck. He paid no attention to the Brooklynite's blows, but, getting to close quarters, rained in rights and lefts to the body.

Schreck's blows had a lot of steam behind them, and but for the fact that Walsh is a glutton for punishment he would have been put out early in the contest. At the end of the bout, which was limited to fifteen rounds, Walsh was so far to the bad that it is doubtful if he could have lasted another three minutes. Of course Schreck was awarded the winner's end of the purse.

In the first round Walsh made his best showing. He landed a few good blows to the jaw, which Schreck

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Photo by Morrison: Chicago.

PLAYING WITH DOLLY.

THEY USED TO BE WIDELY KNOWN AS THE REVERES, AND THIS IS HOW THEY LOOKED IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS.

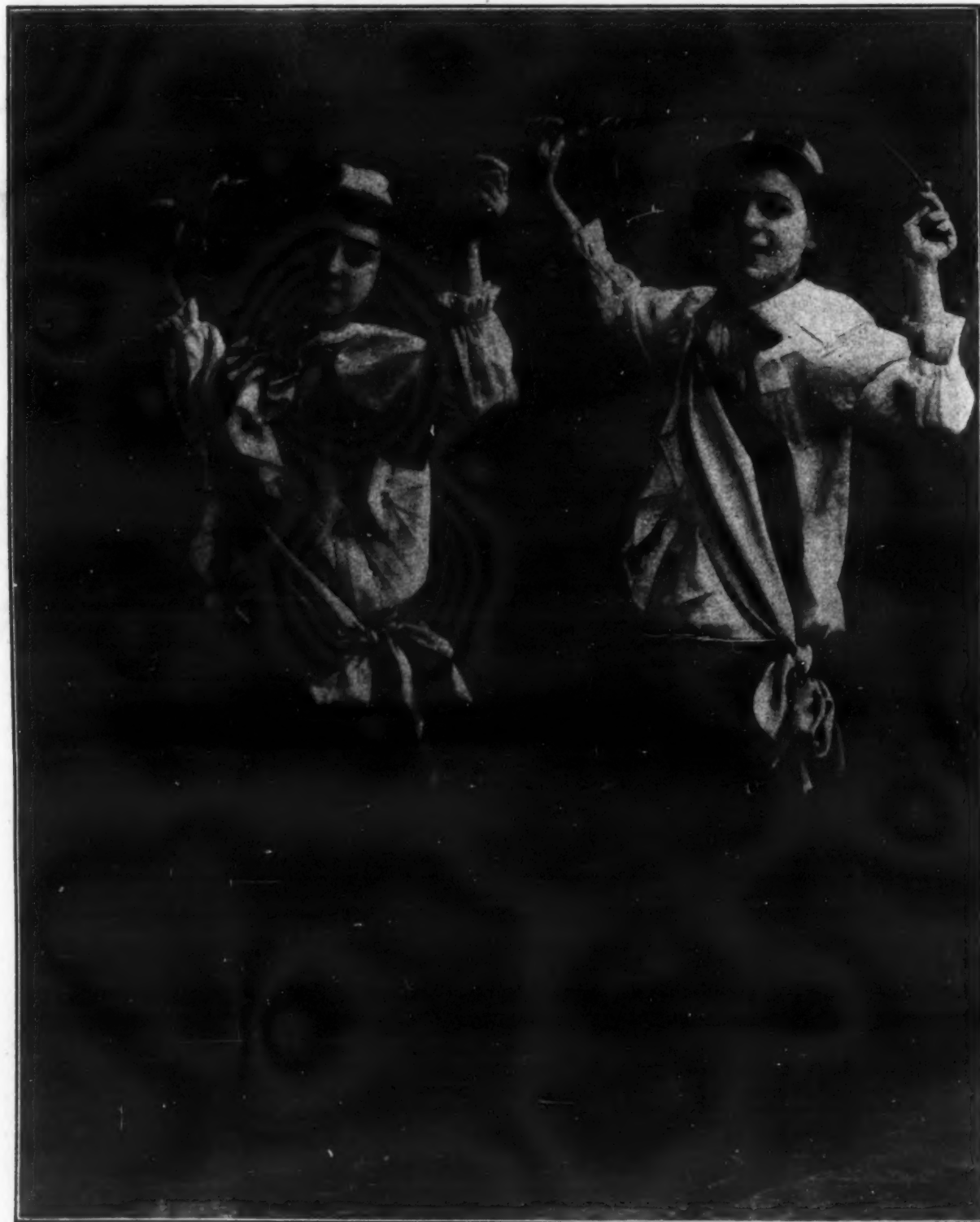


Photo by Feinberg: New York.

CRAWFORD SISTERS.

THEY ARE NOT REALLY BLOOD SISTERS, YOU KNOW, BUT THEY ARE VERY CLEVER AND VERSATILE PERFORMERS.



Photo by Hayes & Co.: Detroit.

LOLA HAWTHORNE.

NATURE HAS BEEN KIND TO HER, EVEN IN THE MATTER OF A VOICE.



Photo by Hayes & Co.: Detroit.

NELL HAWTHORNE.

SHE IS A BEAUTY, TOO, JUST LIKE HER SISTER PICTURED ABOVE.



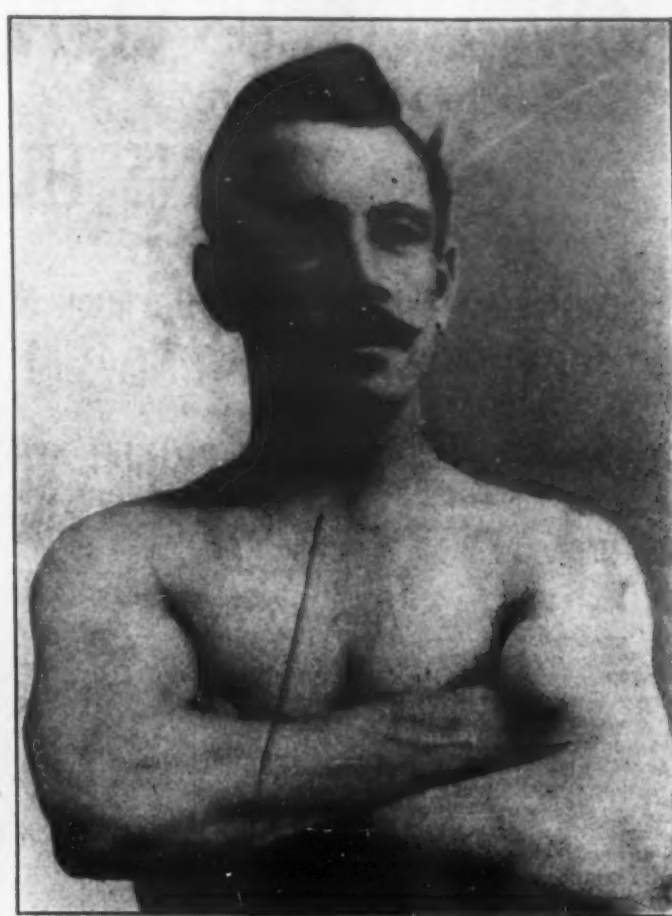
H. H. HANSEN.

A PERTH AMBOY, N. J., WRESTLER
WHO HAS MANY ADMIRERS.



HARRY GRIFFIN.

CHICAGO LIGHTWEIGHT WITH A RECORD
OF FIFTY-SEVEN BATTLES.



LITTLE SANDOW.

ALFRED S. HAMILTON, WHO IS POPULAR
IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



ALBERT FLECHSIG.

HE IS THE CRACK LIGHTWEIGHT WRESTLER OF THE HELL
GATE ATHLETIC CLUB OF NEW YORK.



YOUNG STANLEY.

A FINELY DEVELOPED ATHLETE OF CHICAGO WHO IS A
GOOD WRESTLER AND FINE BOXER.



SPORTS ON A COACHING TRIP.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES, INCLUDING TOM SHARKEY, AS
THEY APPEARED ON A RECENT TRIP TO MORRIS PARK.

HOW A CIRCUS CLOWN WITH MODERN METHODS EARNS HIS SALARY

Frank Oakley, Who is With Barnum & Bailey, Tells the Difference Between To-day and Years Ago.

CLOWNING IS A HIGH-PRICED ART AT PRESENT.

Big Money Paid to Men Who Can Make an Audience Laugh by Going Through the Most Absurd Antics.

Frank Oakley, who is known professionally as "Silvers," and who is with the Barnum & Bailey Circus, is said to get the largest salary of any circus clown who ever hit the sawdust. He was talking about the business the other day when he said:

"Clowns of the present three-ring circuses are no more like the ones of the old one-ring kind than day is like night. It used to be—when Dan Rice was 'it,' and the other comedians of the sawdust ring were at the height of their reputation—that one clown was considered enough. He was a large part of the show, and worked with the ringmaster, and at times the performance would stop to give him the opportunity to spring his gags and sing his songs, when everybody would listen to him. Dan Rice was a wit as well as a poet, and his verses and jokes were treasured and repeated over and over again by those who saw and heard him. Imagine a big show like this now suspending all its acts just so the people could listen to me sing:

Oh, Fred, tell them to stop—
That was the cry of Maria—
But the more she said 'Oh!'
They said, 'Let her go,'
And the swing went a little bit higher.

"or 'Grandfather's Clock,' or something of that sort. "It used to be the case that the clown appealed to not only the eye of the audience but the ear also. Nowadays, on account of the vast amount of space covered by the three rings, the stage, the outer ring, and the other accessories of the big shows, the clowns have time to do nothing more than catch the eye alone. In the first place, it would take a powerful voice to reach even a small portion of the vast audiences which fill the circus enclosure, and then again the public would not stand for it.

"What circus audiences want nowadays is action, action all the time. The more the clown falls down

ance. I do a worked over gag with three sky rockets which is as old as the hills, but never fails to please, because it is full of action—nearly all pantomime. It is the one about the rockets of different sizes. It is tried to fire the largest one first, and we all run away, as we believe it will make a tremendous explosion. It fizzles out, as does the next largest. Then the smallest one is tried, and so confident have we become that there is nothing in it also, that we light it unconcernedly. It proves to be the one which is really the most dangerous, exploding with tremendous force.

"The public is a strange thing, anyway. To illustrate—I got hold of one of my biggest hits in a peculiar way. One day I noticed a man who was afflicted with a strange nervous disease. He would walk a short distance, stop suddenly, his hands would begin to twitch, he would put them up to his face and stand stock still, as if rooted to the spot, gazing blankly at nothing. The people along the street would also stop, look at the unfortunate, and utter all sorts of expressions of commiseration. I thought I would try it in the ring and it was a success from the first. I walk around, stop with a jerk, and, selecting a face in the audience, put my head on one side, and stare at it for minutes at a time, as if I had gone into a trance. It appears to amuse the lookers on greatly.

"During the performance itself, under the impulse of the moment and the inspiration of the glances of thousands of eyes, new things are constantly suggested on the instant, and these make sometimes the biggest hits. I think an apt comparison between the methods of the clown of the present day, as compared with those of the past, is shown by the difference in the work of Cawthorne and Matthews, in 'The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast.' Both are clever comedians, and each has his admirers, but, in my opinion, one has the methods of the up-to-date circus clown, and the other has stuck to the old. I will not say, of course, in this particular case which the public likes the better, though I have my opinion. You can judge for yourself.

"I had the opportunity of getting a line as to which of the two clowning methods the public likes the best in Chicago, where I worked at the Chicago A. C. along with Gus Lee, who at one time was one of the foremost clowns in the business. He used the old recognized way, to which he had been accustomed years ago, using jokes and poems, etc., appealing to the ear as far as was possible. My method was entirely different, as I depended on my actions, dumb show and the like. I do not wish to detract from the work of a fellow performer, and Lee's work was extremely clever in its way, but in the criticisms of the show, I got most of the credit. It was simply that the public had been educated beyond what he gave it.

"We are changing all the time at this stage of the game, and it is necessary to lie awake at night thinking what the public want, or one is apt to get far behind the band wagon. Frequently I start in on one line, and, realizing immediately that it is not just what is wanted, I switch off to something else—feel the pulse of the public, as it were, in every town where we show.

"Anything uncouth in the way of makeup of a clown makes a hit with the circus audience of the present day. That is not all in clowning, however. When my little Jap dwarf 'Peanuts' appears in his grotesque costume, he has the people guessing as to what he is and what he is going to do. We pretend to be as much amazed at his coming as the others, and my companions run away from him in sudden fright. I remain looking as if I am so badly frightened I cannot get away. The others return, and we begin to try to close in on the curiosity, to overpower him if possible and discover what he is, anyway. As we get up close to him he pulls out a big revolver, and without warning begins plugging away, sending the audience into roars of laughter, such an action by a thing looking like a baboon being wholly unexpected. It is always the unexpected, too, that seems to please.

"The various 'phony' experiments that the clown tries, as with a football on the end of a string, and the like, and the disastrous results which come from them always meet with an appreciative spot in the hearts of an audience. Often just standing perfectly quiet, as if you had come away from the dressing room and left your brains behind, will make a great big hit. A clown is supposed to be nothing more nor less than a great overgrown kid, with the common sense left out of his aggregation. The public wants to laugh when it looks at him, and, in nine cases out of ten, does so. That is the reason the clown now appeals more to the eye than to the ear."

Oakley is a native of Sweden, and came to this country when but a child. His mother was a singer, and almost before he was able to speak English he was doing an imitation act on the boards of the variety theatres, and making good in the business. He could

If you will get five new subscribers to the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks, at \$1 each, you will receive a pugilistic or theatrical art album free.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

HE'S IN VAUDEVILLE.

One of the Three Poses whose Muscular Development is Most Remarkable.

and tumbles over himself, and his fellows, and slams around generally, the better the public is pleased.

"Talk about hard work! Say, when I come out of the ring I feel like dropping down and never getting up again. It is not like it used to be, even when I started in the business. Then the clown had the centre of the stage to himself nearly all the time during the whole performance. Now, the funny boys work but a part of the time. If they were called upon to go through the whole performance, they could not do it. Flesh and blood could not stand it.

"Of course, the whole act has been studied out before I go in the ring just the same as in any other perform-

simulate the calls of different animals and birds to perfection. Next he was doing a light and heavy balancing turn, but he got so many falls and had so much trouble with his cranium in consequence, he drifted into the clown business exclusively with Andy McDonald's one ring circus, which used to go out of Chicago. Then he was but 14 years of age. Although he is one of a family of a round down, and his mother was a singer, none is a professional but himself.

"I got the smell of the sawdust up my nose at an early age," he said, "and I am not happy unless I can keep on sniffing it season after season. I seem to make good," he continued modestly, "and, as long as they let me, I guess I'll travel close behind the Pullman cars of the elephants, sacred cow, whangdoodle and the others."

GOOD BOXING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Lew Bailey is keeping up the character of the bouts at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, and as a result, is getting the money. The other night Bobby Thompson, of Canada, and Dave Holly were the stars.

Holly was the aggressor throughout the six rounds, while Thompson used defensive tactics, occasionally landing his left on Dave's mouth. The blows had no effect on the colored man, however, and the latter always came back with a blow as good as he received. Holly put Bobby down for the count in the third and sixth rounds.

In the preliminaries Jack McKenzie beat Gypsy Joe in four rounds.

John Allen, the butcher boy, put Billy Cahill to sleep in the fifth round, and there was plenty doing all the time.

DOONEY HARRIS DEAD.

Dooney Harris, the old prize fighter, contemporary in the ring with Jim Mace, Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Jim Elliott and other fighters who are now nearly all memories, died recently in his home, at No. 5 White's place, a little alley running out of West Eighteenth street, New York city. Harris was seventy years of age. He succumbed to pneumonia.

YOUNG CORBETT'S NEXT FIGHT.

Harry Pollak, Young Corbett's manager, has issued the following statement anent the challenge of Abe Attell, of San Francisco: "Attell has a long row to hoe before being in line for a fight for the championship. It is up to him to show that he isn't a third-rater. He can have a fight, of course, if he can prove that he is entitled to one. Corbett's next encounter will be with Ben Jordan."

HE WAS A TOUGH MAN.

A Western Sport with a Record who Had a Finish of the Sheol Kind.

"I've met up with a lot of bad men, some of whose annals have kept the scribesmen of the Western States busy, but the hardest man that I ever saw was a grub-staked fellow I met up with about a dozen times while I was assigned to the Navajo and Moqui tribes," said an Inspector of Indian Agencies. "He lived in Tucson when he wasn't up in the Santa Anita Mountains looking for pay dust, and for several years he was the chief contributor of inert subjects to that little white cemetery that lies to the west of the town, more or less covered with yellow sand. His name was Jim Crandall. Jim was six feet six inches in stature, and he weighed 230 pounds. Every pound he had on him was bear meat—that is to say, his life in the mountains, after the quarts, kept him down to the minute.

"But Jim never used his strength except to show off. I suppose there was not a man in the Southwest that could have coped with him in a straight-out match of strength, but he always leaned to the bowie and the gun in close quarters, so that none of his victims ever had a chance to feel the clasp of his gorilla arms.

"Sober, Jim was as mild a man as ever silt an esophagus, but when he got about four rounds of juniper juice in him he was a worse terror than a desert mirage to the sand Indians. Before I met him he had slaughtered seven men, five of them in straight gun fights and two in knife plays, and he had always contrived to duck the law and make a getaway on the ground of self-defense, which is certainly a main ground down in the Southern territories.

"It's a thing I don't like to mention, but I happened to be with Crandall on the night he made his last-out. He had just got back from old Mexico, where he had been doing a dodge-out for a year after killing 'Buck' Evans, the Marshal of Tucson, and at the supper hour that I met him he was in several fashions dangerous. But he had acquired a habit in previous meetings of leaning upon me—a reed to lean upon—and so I didn't care how he acted so long as he kept within the bounds of reason.

"We went to a Chink feed outfit and ordered a stack of birds' nests—which used to mean in the Southwest steak smothered in onions and French fried potatoes—and I addressed myself to the task of trying to clip some of the feathers off of Jim's paradise bird stories of the Santa Anita Mountains.

"I was just telling Crandall that he was rough and uncouth and that he wore too many guns on his person to suit my civilized, civilized game, when Jim—the mesquite juice that he had taken dragging along inside of him—looked up.

"'Jimmy,' he said to me, 'I've got a big kill on, and I hate Chinks,' and just then the two assistants of the Chinese proprietor of the restaurant walked in, slidingly, with their soft sandals.

"'Let 'em go,' I said to Crandall when I saw him going for his guns. 'They're only parasites, and what do you care?'

"'This much,' said Jim, just as the two soft-footed Chinamen were passing into the kitchen.

"He pulled both of his guns out, and bawled 'Stand still!' to the two Chinamen. They both came to a halt right abait the kitchen.

"'You likee die?' said Crandall then to the two Chinese, and, without a further word, he plugged both of them through the heart.

"The Tucson vigilance outfit got Jim about ten minutes later, and he made the most horrible fight for his life that I ever witnessed. But a San Francisco doctor has got Jim's bones now—a doctor with whom I am on terms—and every time that I go out to the Gate he gives me a peek at Crandall's dried skull and says, 'Aren't you glad you are good.'"

THE DOINGS IN BASEBALL

Notes and Jottings of the Boys who Perform on the Green Square.

Chesbro is not up to his last year's form.

Ralph Seybold has done the hardest hitting in the American League.

The American leaguers are still having a fine race for the leadership honors.

When it comes to hitting the ball hard and making it tear gaping rents in the air, no player



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

HANS WAGNER.

The Sturdy Shortstop of the Pittsburg (N. L.) Team who is a Topnotcher with the Bat.

has anything on Harry Davis, of the Philadelphia Americans. And Davis is one of the best pinch hitters on the diamond.

Harry Thielman, recently released by Brooklyn, is pitching fine ball for the Jersey City team of the Eastern League.

Patsy Donovan is having a hard time this season with his rejuvenated Cardinals. They seem to lack in team work more than anything else.

Jesse Burkett is having one of his old-time hitting seasons. He is hitting away above the .300 mark and has not made an error so far this season.

Lee Tannehill, Comiskey's shortstop, apparently cares more about worrying the base runner than fielding his position in an endeavor to retire the opponents.

Jimmie Callahan says third base is a snap since all fouls go as strikes. Now the left-handed batsmen hit out and bunt, with no thought of chopping one at third base.

At the National League grounds in St. Louis the scores of the American League games are posted, and the Browns receive a round of cheers every time they look good.

The New York Americans made a good bargain when they traded Long and Courtney to Detroit for Shortstop Elberfeld. He should strengthen the infield which needed it badly.

Jouett Meekin, who pitched for the New York Nationals in Freedman's time, has just been released by one of the Three I League teams. Meekin was one of Amos Rusie's pitching partners.

Fred Pfeffer has an idea that he can still put up a game at second that will make some of the youngsters grow green about the gills. His arm, broken last season, is once more pronounced strong.

The New York Nationals have completed their first Western trip and certainly made a great showing. It looks as though the race for the flag will be an exciting one between New York, Chicago and Pittsburg.

The Brooklyn team has made a very creditable showing in the race for the pennant when it is taken into consideration the number of star players they lost this season. Manager Hanlon tried hard to secure Elberfeld from Detroit.

There are over 70 page wrestling pictures in Champion George Rothner's new book. It contains all the rules, too. Price, 25 cents; this office.

BEST BOOK, BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN, FREE WITH A \$1.00 (13 WEEKS) SUBSCRIPTION TO POLICE GAZETTE

LEARN TO LIFT WEIGHTS

—BE AN ATHLETE—

BY PROF. ATTILA'S METHOD

The Heavy Dumb-bell Series Continued With Another Lesson and Some Valuable Advice.

HOW TO PUT UP THE GREATEST POSSIBLE WEIGHT.

Details of the Slow Press Upwards for Which Sandow, Attila's Pupil, Has a World's Record of 322 Pounds.

By PROF. ATTILA.—Series No. 19.

In last week's story I made the statement that 30 and 50-pound dumb-bells should be used in this series. In my school I use all weight, according to the strength and development of my pupils.

So, if you find these weights are too much for you, it will be advisable for you to begin with lighter bells and increase their size as your muscles become stronger.

Before giving the next exercise I shall continue the one of last week. I left off where the bell is on a level with the shoulder, and while that is an exercise in itself, you will of course want to know how to put it up straight by the method technically known as the slow press from the shoulder.

The pupil will want to understand that in all of these movements he must keep his eyes fixed on the bell. This helps in no inconsiderable way to preserve the balance of the body.

In starting to raise the weight from the shoulder upward, bend the body downward and under the bell, with the free hand resting on the upper thigh.

Then press the bell up and when the arm holding it is straightened out stand upright and the feat is accomplished.

The idea is to make the body do at least half of the work and thus relieve the strain on the muscles of the arm. The free hand, resting on the hip, is also an important factor which must not be overlooked.

Another point of importance to remember, that

from the shoulder is 322 pounds, while his record for the slow press is 322 pounds.

EXERCISE NO. 31.

This is a slow lift from the ground to the shoulder with two bells. Have the weights placed by the outer edge of each foot, heels together, toes turned out. Bending the body at the hips and the legs at the knees, keeping the back straight, seize the bells as far front as possible. With an alert movement raise the bells quickly to the sides of the chest. Step back with the right foot, and bending both knees turn the bells upward to the position shown in plate.

The movement is a quick, continuous one, and very effective when properly executed.

All that is needed is practice.

Keep at it until you eventually succeed.

Next week you will be shown how to put both bells up from the shoulder.

IMPROVED HIS HEALTH.

I have started in on your heavy bell exercises. I am using 15 and 25-pound dumb-bells to start with, and I want to thank you for making me feel better than I have in many years.

LEO SMITH,

Duluth, Minn.

ATTILA IS GREAT.

Since taking Attila's physical culture lessons I am two inches larger in chest measurement, and I have a fine muscular development. He is certainly great.

ROY MOORE, Paterson, N. J.

STARTED A CLASS.

After having followed your five-pound dumb-bell exercises closely I have started a physical culture class of young men. My development has been very rapid, and the boys say I am a wonder.

HARRY L. JOHNSON, Topeka, Kan.

Wrestling is a great muscle developer, and every young man ought to have a copy of George Bothner's new book on scientific wrestling, published by Richard K. Fox. It contains 73 full-page illustrations with fine photographs of the champions, and treats on all known styles of wrestling. The price is 25 cents, but the book is worth many times that. If you want any of the first edition I would suggest that you order at once.

TOMMY WEST HAS REAL MONEY.

Tommy West, the welterweight, who couldn't find anyone in England willing to meet him for a fair sized purse, has issued a challenge to fight any of the men in his class.

"And I've got the money to back myself with a good side bet," he says. "There wasn't anything doing on the other side, but I've got plenty of it here, where I belong."

West would like to fight Walcott again. West beat the "Black Demon" when they met in the Madison Square Garden.

ARMSTRONG PUT MARTIN OUT.

Big Bob Armstrong, the dusky heavyweight, checked the aspirations of "Denver Ed" Martin for the colored heavyweight championship before the Tammany A. C., Boston, Mass., on June 10. It was in the third round that the fatal blow was landed. Up to that time there was no choice between the men. They were going as fast as two featherweights. There was a clever exhibition, too. Occasionally one or the other did evade his opponent's guard and land a punch. The sounds that were heard was sufficient evidence that the "go" was for blood.

To begin with, Armstrong played for Martin's body. He landed on the mark for which he aimed several times, but nearly always he was countered with a right or left hook to the face. When the third round began

"You have used the best photograph I ever had taken on the cover of your 1903 Annual. It's great."—Young Corbett.

Martin started out with the evident intent of winning quick. Armstrong had the same idea, apparently, and they fought close. They were mixing it when Armstrong sent in the terrific left that won him the fight.

CARTER PUTS BUTLER AWAY.

With a short right-hand swing on the jaw, following a left in the body, "Kid" Carter knocked out Joe Butler after two minutes and thirty seconds of fighting in the first round of the windup at the National A. C., Philadelphia, June 8. Butler's head struck heavily on



JOSEPH JOHNSON, JR.

Great Oak of the Order of Acorns of New York.

the canvas. He opened his eyes at the count of nine and made a feeble movement to regain his pins, but there was nothing doing. He was carried to his corner where his seconds worked on him for ten minutes before he realized what had happened.

There was but little fiddling when the referee gave his word. After a feint or two Carter got to Butler's mouth with a short right hander which started the claret. Butler tried with both right and left, but Carter cleverly ducked away. Carter got in a chopping left, covering Butler's face from top to bottom. A clinch followed, in which Butler showed a disposition to be rude. Referee McGuigan cautioned Butler, and the services were resumed. Butler got in a light left-hand swing on Carter's face, and in return got a stomach wallop that had heaps of steam behind it.

This punch had a distressing effect upon the colored man. Seeing his advantage, Carter followed it up with straight left on the jaw. This was the beginning of the end. Carter tried a vicious right handed swing which would have put Butler out of commission had it landed. Joe managed to block it. Carter got in a swinging left on the jaw, but Butler got back with a right on Carter's face, but there was no steam behind it. Carter landed his left on Butler's wind, and then, stepping in, caught him squarely on the jaw and Butler went down and out.

WRESTLING.

Gus Sanders, the big Swede, who was thrown by Gus Rublin in Brooklyn, wants to wrestle any of the Græco-Roman heavyweights.

Nick Elliott, who is now matched to meet Jack Carkeek in England in the fall, says that he would like to have a match with any of the big fellows before he sails.

George Fisher, wrestling instructor of the New Polo A. C., is looking for a match with any catch-as-catch-can middleweight in the business. Fisher prefers a bout with either the Cuban Wonder or Tom Matthews.

Gus Schoenlein, better known as Americus, and Max Wiley, of Rochester, have been matched to meet in a finish wrestling contest, best two in three falls. The bout will probably be decided in the open air just outside of Rochester some time in July.

Joe Carroll, of Ireland, who was in this country last year, writes to a friend in America that he will return to the United States in the fall, prepared to meet any of the big men. Carroll had only one match here. This was with Tom Jenkins, who defeated him in easy fashion, taking two straight falls in quick time.

Our Halftone Photos.

Joseph Johnson, Jr., is the Great Oak of the Order of Acorns, a political society of New York, which has its own ideas as to how a City and State should be governed. The order was organized in August, 1901, and is said to be growing rapidly.

On another page is shown a good photograph of a party of Eagles on a recent coaching trip to Morris Park. Among them are Messrs. McKenzie, McGuire, W. C. Kelly, Michael Hines, John T. Oakley, Tom Sharkey, Larry Hart and Frank Clayton.

To Maurice F. Danily, a prosperous newsdealer of Rochester, N. Y., belongs the honor of having umpired the fastest game of amateur baseball on record. It was played on May 2, 1903, between teams from the Lima, N. Y., Seminary and Rochester Business Institute in one hour and five minutes. Mr. Danily is a fancy swimmer and boxer and a bicycle rider.

On page 12 will be found a fine halftone reproduction of the Wolfe's Clippers Baseball Club, who are the 1902 amateur champions of Columbus, O., and expect to land on top again this season. Besides being crack ball players, they are all-round sports and athletes, and also readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, with headquarters and club rooms at the Clipper Exchange, 351 E. Schiller street.

THE CHAMPION

HOLDS TITLE

Bothner Defends the "Police Gazette" Belt Against Harvey Parker.

After wrestling for more than three hours in Sulzer's Harlem Casino, on June 8, the match between George Bothner, of New York, who holds the lightweight championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" \$500 silver belt, and Harvey Parker, the "Little Demon" of Brockton, Mass., an aspirant for Bothner's title, was decided a draw by Referee John O'Brien, of the New York A. C., neither man having achieved a fall. The conditions of the bout were best two falls out of three.

More than 2,000 persons saw the struggle. Bothner was as slippery as an eel and wriggled out of many holds, although he frequently pursued the plan of lying on the mat face downward from which position Parker could not budge him.

This match excited more interest than any affair of the kind which has been held for some time, not only because a legitimate title was involved, but because it was strictly on its merits—which is rather out of the usual order of things, so far as wrestling matches are concerned.

Parker, who has announced that he is about to retire, wanted to take the belt into seclusion with him, and while he worked hard for it, his ambition in that respect will have to remain unsatisfied, and Bothner will hold the handsome trophy for many years to come. He is a master of the art of scientific defense, and he has put all he knows in his book on wrestling, which is published by Richard K. Fox.

In the opening preliminary bout George Kelly, of Brooklyn, defeated Frank Jordan, of New York, after eight minutes' lively wrestling at catch-as-catch-can style. Kelly secured a half Nelson and in his effort to down his opponent almost dislocated Jordan's shoulder. Jordan retired from the bout in great pain. Charles Weiland and W. Wilson wrestled fifteen minutes at catch-as-catch-can style. The final bout brought together Jack Harvey and Nick Elliott. Elliott agreed to throw his man twice in fifteen minutes. Elliott won the first fall after 7:35. The remainder of the bout was wrestled without a fall, Harvey getting the decision. Elliott was sixty pounds heavier than his opponent.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

"Spike" Sullivan has evidently abandoned his proposed trip to South Africa for the present.

Eddie Connolly, the St. John, N. H., welterweight, has asked Jack Herman to give him a match with Curly Supplies.

Little George Dixon is out of it at last. He is in London, and has announced his retirement from the ring forever.

Big Ed Dunkhorst is still in the boxing game. At Kendallville, Ind., recently, he knocked out Jack Lavelle in one round.

Young Corbett says that the story of his marriage to Gladys Francis is a fake pure and simple, and asks to have the same denied.

Tommy Feltz, after administering two defeats to Clarence Forbes, is now after Harry Forbes, who holds two victories over Tommy.

Joe Gans has been matched to meet Buddy King in a twenty-round bout before the Butte A. C., of Butte, Mont., on the afternoon of July 4.

The "Twin" Sullivans are now making a tour of Ireland. Jack, who fought Palmer at London, writes that he was robbed of the decision.

Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," who has been out of the ring for some time, is to don the gloves again in a series to be held in London.

Before Jim Jeffries left New York for the coast he stated that there is a millionaire in Los Angeles who intended betting \$25,000 on him to defeat Corbett.

Johnny Mack has accepted the challenge of Sam Fitzpatrick, who has Con Coughlin, the big Irish fighter, under his wing, on behalf of Tom Carey, another Irishman.

Will Curley, of England, announces that if Ben Jordan does not agree to come to America and fight Young Corbett he will take his place and fight the champion in San Francisco.

Harry Pollock, manager of Young Corbett, announces that the champion is himself again, and says that he will go on with his schedule and fulfill all his engagements in the ring.

Harry Corbett, the well-known sporting man of San Francisco, and brother of the ex-champion, is so impressed with his brother's condition that he intends to bet \$5,000 on his chances of securing the decision over Jeffries.

CALIFORNIANS CHALLENGE.

Joe Cotton (colored), of Los Angeles, and Dave Barry, of San Francisco, who recently met at Marysville, Cal., the former losing on a foul in the seventeenth round, have issued a deft to all middleweights in Southern California.

GRANT'S KNOCKOUT PUNCH.

Tommy Grant, of Benton Harbor, Mich., knocked out "Kid" Hamlin, of South Bend, in the fourth round in the former city on June 5. The fight was hotly contested and even up to the final blow. Grant probably will be matched with Young Scotty, of Grand Rapids, in a battle for the featherweight championship of Michigan.

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.



PLATE No. 31.

when the body is curled downwards, so to speak, the forearm supporting the bell must always be kept perpendicular, so the true balance will not be lost, and the feet, as a rule, are not shifted.

In working with the left hand it is advisable to use lighter weights.

This is a great exercise, and a pupil familiar with the movement can put up a much greater weight by it than by any other method.

For instance, Sandow's highest record in jerking up

GEORGE BOTHNER'S WRESTLING BOOK FREE WITH A 13 WEEKS' SUBSCRIPTION TO POLICE GAZETTE, \$1.00



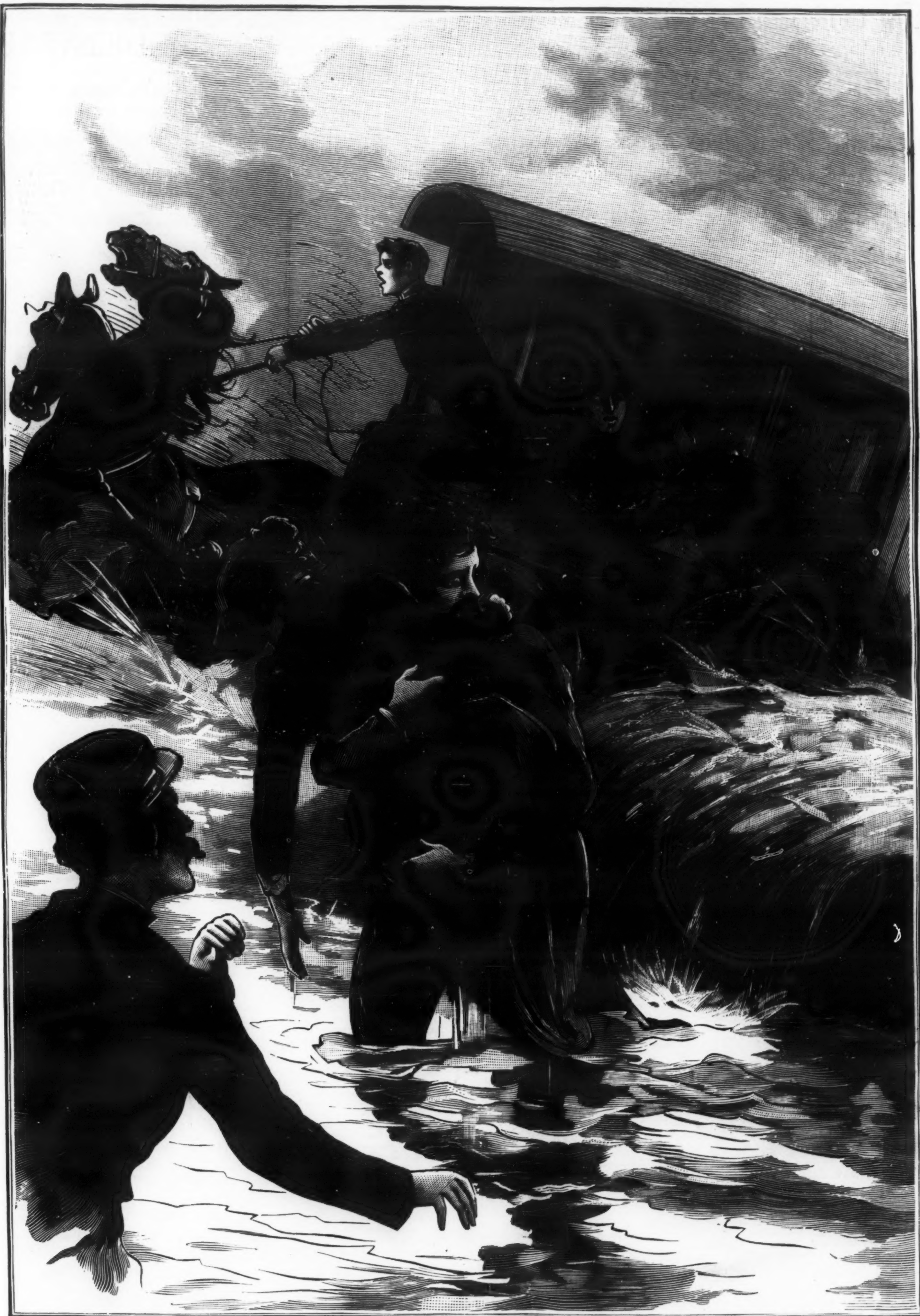
ATTACKED HUBBY IN COURT.

A MEMPHIS, TENN., MAN WHO HAD ABANDONED HIS WIFE, GETS HIS DESERTS IN THE COURTROOM.



THIS WAS THE TOAST OF DEATH.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF ST. PAUL, MINN., DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE, ENDS HER LIFE AT A BANQUET.



CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD.

A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE, HONEYMOON BOUND, HAVE A CLOSE CALL FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE RUSHING WATERS AT GAINESVILLE, GA.

JIM CORBETT STOPS ACTING AND STARTS TO GET INTO CONDITION JEFFRIES NOW IN TRAINING

Tom Sharkey Marvels at His Failure as a "Grappler"
and Talks About Resuming Fighting.

J. EDWARD BRITT ISN'T SO SURE OF BEATING GANS

Veterans at "Dooney" Harris' Bier—Australia's New Middleweight—Sammy Smith Is a Comer—Gossip.

Jim Corbett has finished his theatrical tour of California and last week went into semi-retirement at his training quarters to prepare for his fight with Jim Jeffries for the championship of the world, which is scheduled to occur on Aug. 15. Corbett has no reason to regret his decision to have the fight take place in California. Although a native son of the Golden West, and justly entitled to all the consideration which that distinction involves, Corbett has never before felt that he was properly appreciated in his home country and never felt much inclined to do any of his fighting in that locality. Judging from a letter received the other day he realizes the mistake he made and is enthusiastic over the manner in which his homecoming was made.

He says: "It has been six years since I was home and I find I have more friends than ever. They realize that I am sincere in my efforts to regain the championship, and when I told them so in a speech at the Orpheum they cheered until they were hoarse. Maybe it was not a proud moment for me."

It will be remembered that when Corbett first went to the coast with his play, "Gentleman Jack," it was an absolute failure, and he swore then that he would never play there again. But time changes all things and today no more popular player steps before the footlights in that city than this same Jim Corbett.

Reports from the coast tell of the manner in which Jeffries is getting himself in condition for the battle. His preliminary work is being done under Billy Delaney's direction and will continue to do so until Bob Fitzsimmons arrives to take up his part of the work. Jeff is supremely confident that he will win. So is Corbett! That ought to make it a good fight.

Guess Tom Sharkey ain't overstuck on the wrestling game. He has participated in several queer-looking contests with the "grapplers," but the public declines to take him seriously as a wrestler, a fact attested to by the receipts at a recent affair in which he was one of the principals, amounting in all to \$150. That isn't the kind of money "the Butterfly" has been accustomed to playing to, so he is ready once more to talk fight, and is out with a statement that he is ready and willing to meet any fighter in the ring, black or



F. J. MAY (JACK ROSE).

One of the Most Popular Sporting Men of Jersey City, N. J.

white, bond or free, big or little, fast or slow. Sharkey has developed into one of the best conversation fighters in the business and his urgent appeal for public attention is not likely to cause much of a stir in the pugilistic world. Sailor Tom has not been a tremendous success since Jeffries handed him that final walloping. His unfortunate personality is a big damper on whatever he attempts and his eagerness for another fight will not go far towards making him popular. He has had several beatings and there are few followers of the game who have any faith in his claims that he is still championship timber.

Down at the race track the other day I met George Weedon, who had just returned from Frisco with his protégé, Willie Fitzgerald, the Brooklyn lad, who made such a sensational fight with Jimmy Britt,

but failed lamentably to uphold his reputation when it came to meeting Joe Gans. Weedon says Fitzgerald is willing to concede the palm to the middle-colored champion from Baltimore, but despite the fact that a decision was rendered against him by a very narrow margin, he is supremely confident that he is Britt's master, and the only thing that will take this notion out of his head is another match. Manager Weedon said that they had no battle in sight, but an effort would be made to get on with Frank Erne at Fort Erie.

If Gans' fight with Fitzgerald did nothing more, it served to convince J. Edward Britt that he is not the kind of a man to do any monkeying with the "champ." Before he was an eyewitness of the consummate ease with which Gans handed them out to Willie, Britt had "conned" himself into the belief that his chances of annexing himself to the lightweight title were good, but since then the mere mention of a possible fight with the Baltimore man sends him to the sarsaparilla class. The fact is obvious that he is convinced that if ever he started against Herford's man he would have to be content with second money.

In order, however, to lose as little prestige as possible and still make some of his most ardent admirers believe he is "just dying to meet Gans," Britt is placing all possible kinds of conditions in the path of Gans, knowing full well that Gans will not accept the same. It must also be remembered that Gans is the champion and if there is any dictating Gans is the one supposed to do the dictating and not Jimmy Britt.

Few people realize how easy it is for a champion or for that matter any fighter to avoid a match. It is the easiest possible thing in the world to challenge a man and then gracefully slide out of a bad position and still make the general public believe everything is sincerity itself.

Hope nobody shows this to "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien!

Gray-haired men gathered in a little knot in the back room of a little undertaking establishment in New York city one recent Sunday afternoon. They talked in subdued tones and now and then their eyes would turn to where a canopied bier stood in a dimly lighted corner. To the passerby who would glance in it was only the usual gathering of a few old men to pay their respects to the memory of a dead friend or relative. To those, however, who knew why they were there the knot of gray-haired men was of more than passing interest.

The funeral was that of Dooney Harris, once lightweight champion of the world. Among the men who gathered there as a tribute to the memory of the great fighting man were John L. Sullivan, former champion heavyweight; Billy Edwards, former champion lightweight; Barney Aaron, trainer and former boxing partner of Harris; George Rooke, Mike Donovan and Al Smith.

The little group of mourners listened with earnest attention to the reading of the burial service, afterward accompanying the body to Mount Olivet cemetery.

Harris was 72 years old and was born in England. He was an exceedingly clever man and a good type of the old-time boxer. His last appearance in the ring was at a benefit given for Jim Mace, the famous English boxer, in New York city several years ago. His last fight was with Tommy Chandler in California, Chandler defeating him. Harris weighed 144 pounds, but fought men several times who greatly outweighed him. One of his most famous battles was with Jim Marley in Pennsylvania. The men fought with bare knuckles. The fight lasted more than two hours and was won by Harris.

Harris leaves a widow and one child in poor financial circumstances.

"If the law was like it used to be in New York we could give a benefit," said one of the mourners. "But where can we box now?"

Australia is chuckling over the discovery of a new middleweight fighter who is being "framed" up for duty in the United States and who is expected to duplicate the marvellous success acquired by Bob Fitzsimmons. The new man's name is Arthur Cripps. According to late advices from the Antipodes, he recently defeated Soldier Thompson, in twenty rounds, before the National Sporting Club. The new middleweight champion was a short-ender in the betting, and his victory was a surprise to old-time ring-goers.

Speaking of little fellows reminds me that there is in Philadelphia just now a youngster who is coming to the front with rapid strides and who is liable to cut a big swath in the featherweight division before long. His name is Smith, Sammy Smith. It was with no little surprise that I read the other day how he knocked out "Kid" McFadden, Young Corbett's sparring partner, and one of the toughest propositions in the featherweight class. Smith followed up his victory over McFadden by besting Tim Callahan, a featherweight of real class and quality. Fred Miller, who in the halcyon days of boxing in New York city was a

A Silver Flizz is a difficult drink to make, but Fox's "Bartender's Guide" tells you how to do it. 25 cents.

distinguished patron of the game, but who is now living in the city of eternal somnolence, has taken charge of young Smith's business affairs and writes me that he is eager to match the latter against Terry McGovern or anybody else at 125-128 pounds. This looks like a chance for some club to pick up a real good match.

I don't suppose an affair of such colossal magnitude as the fight between Jeffries and Corbett could really be considered important if some wise Mike, eager to get his name into print and bursting with alleged wisdom, didn't declare the whole thing to be a fake. In this instance it happens to be a person named McCarey, who has some remote connection with an athletic club in Los Angeles, Cal., who says the fight is "fixed." He makes the sensational statement that he was present in a room in San Francisco when champion Jeffries and Harry Corbett, representing Jim, his brother, programmed all details, even to the number of rounds.

"It may be so," as Tom Seabrooke would say, but I don't think if Corbett and Jeff were putting up a job they'd let any such tack-head as this McCarey seem to be, in on the deal.

Well, Alec Greggains' hopes of arranging a fight between Ben Jordan and Young Corbett to be held under the auspices of the San Francisco A. C. will not be consummated. The two youngsters could not agree upon a satisfactory weight. This would have been an international match, and it is a pity that the men could not have been signed.

It isn't generally known, by the way, that Bob Fitzsimmons has a brother Jack, in Australia, who is "a bit of a fighter," according to a well-known expert on fistic affairs, he is a born fighter, and in the hands of a good man is another Bob. At present he is not a good boxer, and fights in a peculiar crouching style. He can take lots of punishment, and will, I think, take a lot of beating at the next annual amateur tournament in which he is entered for middleweight honors.

Racing, baseball and other open air amusements seem to monopolize the attentions of the sporting public to the almost utter exclusion of fistic matters. Last week unusual dullness characterized the pugilistic market. The smaller fry were active throughout the territory where the sport flourishes, but the "big uns" took a rest. Terry McGovern has thrown down his match altogether with Abe Attell, alleging illness as the cause, and Young Corbett failed to keep an engagement, on the plea of illness, which may be attributed to his fall from the car at Long Island City on Brooklyn Handicap day. Nothing startling came out of the West anent the doings of Corbett or Jeffries. Tommy Feltz, a former Brooklynite, for the second time in his career bested Clarence Forbes, and seems to have a clear path to the bantamweight title. Forbes was counted about as good as any in his class, and the summary way in which Feltz despatched the Westerner stamps his performance as one of considerable merit. Tommy is one of the few in the business that seems to improve with age. Some ten years ago he was creating havoc among the bantams around South Brooklyn, and in his wisdom, when the game began to decline here, he went South. He has since fought all through the South and West, and has been adding to his fame and pocketbook quite extensively. Once and a while you meet them wise in the boxing business, and Feltz has proved one of this kind. He has a fortune in front of him yet, too, at that.

Last week in commenting upon Tommy Ryan's retirement from active participation in ring affairs I intimated that coincident with Ryan's withdrawal we might expect a renewal of "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien's sensational challenges. It was therefore no surprise to me when I picked up a Western paper the other day to read:

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien is still making an effort to induce Tommy Ryan to meet him in a twenty or twenty-five round bout for the middleweight championship of the world. O'Brien is constantly writing letters to Ryan begging him for a chance to fight."

In my opinion writing letters is the best thing O'Brien does. As a championship fighter I can't see him!

The story is briefly told: For the first time in his boxing career Kid Broad was knocked out at Butte, Mont., the other night, Aurelia Herrera doing the trick in four rounds. The boys were scheduled to go twenty rounds, but Herrera finished the job quickly, knocking Broad down three times.

Wow!

SAM AUSTIN.

CURIOUS HOODOOS OF FIGHTERS.

It is the choice of corners that keeps prizefighters on the anxious seat before a contest. This is all the more remarkable as the choice carries with it no important advantage, as a man can fight as well after coming out of one corner as out of another. There is absolutely no difference in the appointments of the ring, as all the corners are constructed alike, but the prestige of having won the toss is what counts with the average "scrapper."

Individual fighters have their own peculiar fads and fancies. When Joe Walcott, otherwise known as the "Ace of Spades," on account of rich coloring, was preparing for his memorable contest with "Mysterious Billy" Smith back in 1895, the colored boxer acted very queerly a day or two before the fight, and his manager could not figure out what was the matter with his man. Walcott wanted something but the manager could not make up his mind what it was, and was in a quandary over what to do for his protégé.

Finally the day before the fight, Walcott went to him and said that he wanted a bathrobe.

"What on earth do you want a bathrobe for?" inquired the manager.

"Don't you know that Jim Corbett wears a bathrobe?" replied Walcott, "and if he is good enough to have a bathrobe, I want one, too."

There was no way out of it, so the manager took his colored wonder to a sporting goods house, where Walcott picked out a "ragtime" effect for a bathrobe, and on the night of the fight, when he entered the ring, he was grinning from ear to ear as he proudly surveyed himself in his gaudy robe.

The "Mysterious" one nearly fell off his chair at the shock of seeing Walcott in a bathrobe, and the house roared with laughter at the novel spectacle. Walcott got what he wanted that night in the way of costume and a few other things in the way of souvenirs that made that fight linger in the memory of those who witnessed it.

MARVIN HART OF LOUISVILLE

One of the Few Fighters Who May
Become Champion.

BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 23.

When Marvin Hart, of Louisville, broke his hand a few weeks ago in a fight with George Gardiner, it incapacitated from prize ring labors—at least temporarily—one of the few of the new generation of fighters who gave every indication of being a factor in the disposition of the heavyweight championship of the world. During his brief career in the ring he had done such marvelous things, beat so many good men and



MARVIN HART.

improved so rapidly that it remained only a question of time when the opportunity to go into the ring as a rival for the premier honors of the pugilistic world would be presented to him.

Comparatively young in years Hart gave every indication of developing into an ideal type of the heavyweight fighter. Even to-day he is one of the best built among the fighters. He is the sort of a model that would have filled the heart of a Greek sculptor with joy. From the highest hair to his toes he is physically perfect, and in spite of the stirring battles he has taken part in he is as fine looking a Southern gentleman in appearance as ever was bred in old Kentucky.

In the ring he is a fighter from the first tap of the gong. He is an aggressive fighter, always coming in, always leading, always dangerous. He has many of the fighting qualities of "Kid" McCoy.

Hart is crafty, clever and game, and studies his opponent from the toes up, as the saying goes, always looking for the weak spot that may be taken advantage of. His forte is hard hitting, and it is a fact that there is not another man in the ring who has as clean a record of knockouts as has Hart. Out of the twenty-four ring fights of importance in which he has engaged, he has won sixteen by knocking out his opponent. Several of the others were no-decision bouts in Philadelphia, two he won on the decision of the referee, and only three out of the whole number he actually lost. In one of these he was knocked out by Billy Hanrahan with a wild swing in the first round. Jack Root got a Chicago decision over him in six rounds, and in the battle with George Gardiner he broke his hand and was compelled to give up, a proceeding that was not creditable, although many of his enemies have been trying to discredit him for doing so.

When Hart is fighting he can hit as hard with the left hand at long range as any man of his weight. His position is as peculiar as that which Tommy Ryan taught Jeffries. He crouches somewhat and shrugs his left shoulder up so that it entirely covers his jaw. His head ducks down behind that shoulder for protection just as the head of a turtle bobs back under its shell. His left arm he keeps extended to nearly full length. His right hand is drawn back in a position where it is ready for a drive at the body. At short range his body blows are nearly as dangerous as those of Fitzsimmons.

Hart has on several occasions challenged any man in the world, barring Jeffries, to fight him, and has offered to back himself with \$5,000 in ready coin.

Hart is a bigger man these days than many people think. When he knocked out "Kid" Carter he weighed about 180 pounds. In fact, he was as big, within a couple of pounds, as Jim Corbett was when he fought Fitzsimmons and lost the heavyweight championship.

In view of this fact it is not surprising that Hart was willing to fight any of the men in the light-heavyweight or the heavyweight class.

Next Week—EDDIE HANLON.

If you send \$1 to this office you will receive the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and book on the art of wrestling that is up to date and fully worth 50 cents.

INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,
Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

F. New York.—Is Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, a Jew?.....He is not.

S. D., Brooklyn.—What nationality is Tommy Ryan?.....American.

R. V. L., Indianapolis, Ind.—Of what nationality is Aurelia Herrera?.....Mexican.

John Forster, St. Louis, Mo.—Send photograph along. No charge is made for publishing it.

O. C., Cornwall, N. Y.—Too much exercise is not conducive to gaining weight. Would advise a let up.

S. E., Washington, D. C.—Was there ever a battle royal fought?.....Yes. Four men usually fight in a battle royal.

W. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—A bet that George Dixon and Joe Gans fought a ten-round draw?.....No record of their having fought.

B. J. L., Newport, R. I.—Tell me how to take paint out of yellow canvas and not change the color of it?.....Pipe clay and benzine.

D. O'B., Hartford, Conn.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? Was he ever champion of America?.....1. No. 2. Yes.

Barber, Detroit.—Why is a barber's pole painted red, white and blue?.....An old sign indicating that barbers did cupping and leeching.

G. M., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Give me the address of some man who raises bull dogs for the pit?.....Write to Richard Toner, Pleasure Bay, N. J.

E. L., Big Lake, Wash.—Let me know how many letters M. there are on a silver U. S. dollar?.....Count them up. Time here is too valuable.

H. L. W., Waxahachie, Tex.—Have you the white loadstone; if so, what is it worth per pound?.....No. Have no idea where it may be obtained.

D. A. W., Augusta, Ga.—I would like to know if there is any such thing as invisible strings, such as magicians use in making things walk or follow them

America's Cup, Seattle, Wash.—All the yacht races for the cup are in the Police Gazette Sporting Annual for 1903, price 10 cents; this office.

H. B. A., South Bend, Ind.—Eleven-point game of pitch; A is 9; B is 10; A bids 2 and makes them; B holds the ace, high; who wins?.....B wins.

A. G., Berea, O.—Must the buyer in double pedro, according to Hoyle, lead a trump card, or can he play any suit card he pleases?.....Can play any suit.

F. F. F., Bronson, Mich.—What was the highest weight Bob Fitzsimmons ever fought at? What was his weight in the Corbett-Fitz fight?.....1. About 178. 2. Said he weighed 157½.

J. A. F., Washington, D. C.—A and B are playing a game of auction pitch, 10 points; A is 8 and B 9; A bids 1 and makes low and game; B makes high; who goes out first?.....B wins.

A. B., New York.—A bet that Jem Mace whipped Tom King after King's fight with J. C. Heenan?.....A loses. Mace and King fought on Jan. 28, 1882. King and Heenan fought Dec. 10, 1883.

Peter, New York.—How is it that John L. Sullivan was never champion of the world?.....Did Terry McGovern ever fight in England?.....1. Read back numbers of POLICE GAZETTE. 2. No.

B. D., Youngstown, O.—What is cork made of, and what are meerschaum pipes made of?.....Both are products of nature. One a bark and the other a mineral substance, resembling chalk.

J. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.—Inform me whether or not the Philadelphia baseball club of the American League, are considered champions until the end of this season?.....Yes, for the season of 1903.

E. G., Waynesburg, Pa.—E bets G that Terry McGovern never fought and won the bantamweight championship?.....He won it when he beat Casper Leon, Sammy Kelly and Pedlar Palmer.

R. E. B., Lake Benton, Minn.—How many emigrants came to the United States for each month of February, March, April and May, in 1903?.....Write to Superintendent of Emigration, Ellis Island, New York, for statistics.

W. S., New York.—Has there ever been a meeting of running horse races at the Empire City track, Yonkers, N. Y.? If so, has there been a horse entered by the name of Musette?.....1. Yes. 2. Yes, owned by J. S. Ferguson.

Referee, Whitestone, N. Y.—A and B run a race; A gives B five yards start and bets he will beat B out; they run tie at finish—dead heat; who wins the money?.....If A failed to win the race he loses the money. A tie is not a win.

A. M., Santa Barbara, Cal.—I have heard a statement to the effect that there is a fortune for any man who will walk a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours?.....There is no truth in it. The feat has been performed many times and by a woman.

Subscriber, Gunder, Ia.—A, B, C and D are playing poker, jack-pot; A opens it for two, and all stay; A bids two more, and all pass and throw their cards; A shows his openers, two jacks; does A have to show his full hand, or only the openers?.....Only openers.

C. A. L., Stotts City, Mo.—A, B, C and D play a game of seven-up, partners; A and C partners and B and D partners; on the second last lead B refuses trump when he has a trump and it makes no difference in the game; do B and D lose the game or what becomes of that play?.....A and C score four for the revoke.

A. B. C., St. Louis, Mo.—Draw poker, all jacks, three handed, ten cent limit; A opens pot; B stays; A draws cards and bets ten cents; B calls A; A then discovers that he has no openers; B takes the pot; C claims that A must make good B and C's ante?.....A must make good the size of original pot.

E. B., Columbus, Ga.—A party throwing dice from one to six says aces count anything; all agree; one of said party throws two aces also, five and a six; he claims a straight, calling one ace a deuce and the other four.....That cannot be done. When he says ace counts anything he means anything on the board.

F. R. H., Bellevue, O.—In poker game where straights, dogs and flushes are played the following hands come up: one, two, three, four and five of hearts against nine, ten, jack, queen and king of hearts. Man with nine to king claims pot and room keeper decides in his favor because he has a higher straight than his opponent.....King high wins.

J. A. McA., McAllister, Mont.—In the game of baseball as played in 1903. If a foul ball is caught on the fly is the batter declared out? Rule 4 says: "A strike is a foul hit ball not caught on the fly, unless two strikes have already been called." Therefore when a foul is struck and the umpire calls strike, can a base runner, who is already holding a base, pass to the next base on such a strike?.....No.

E. C. C., Chestertown, Md.—In draw poker, playing all jack-pots; A is sitting next to the dealer, but

If you are interested in training read Billy Muldoon's ideas in the Police Gazette book on "Boxing and How to Train," 25 cents.

cannot open the pot; B, sitting next to A, has enough to open the pot; C, sitting next to B, plays; D, sitting next to C, plays; the dealer, who is E, doesn't play, but A does; E deals A three called for; B, who opened the pot, calls for three cards also; C and D call for three cards each; after the cards have been served B finds that the dealer has given him four cards instead of three, which he called for, but B has not looked at the cards dealt him, but C, D and A have; upon examination B has two kings, with which he opened the pot; C has two queens; D two nines; A two pair, fives and sevens.....B, the opener, need take only three of the four cards dealt him, and then the best hand wins if bet is called.

AMERICAN BOXER WON.

Londoners are enthused over the showing of Charley Haghey, the Boston welterweight, who is now in England. Haghey had his first fight in London the other night, meeting Tom Ireland, a clever English 150-pounder. The pair were to have met in a six-round bout, but in the fourth Haghey knocked Ireland out.

Sporting Photographs, if good, will be published in the Police Gazette free of charge.

DIXON DRAWS IN ENGLAND.

George Dixon had another fight in England recently, but the best the ex-featherweight champion could do was to secure a draw. Dixon met George Phalin at Birmingham in a fifteen-round bout. He appeared to be in fine condition. In the earlier rounds he had a shade the better of the hostilities, but toward the close fell off.

VANUCH AND O'BRIEN DRAW.

At the Roxbury A. C. of Boston, June 11, the feature was a six-round contest between Fred O'Brien, of Brighton, and Fred Vanuch, of Canada. The men fought fast from the moment the gong sounded for the first round and the referee's decision of a draw pleased the crowd. Young Reardon and "Kid" Albert went six rounds to a draw.

ZURBRICK AFTER ERNE AGAIN.

Warren Zurbrick, who fought Frank Erne at Fort Erie recently, denies that he quit in that fight. Zurbrick says: "I lost the fight through my own carelessness. I aimed a punch at Erne's solar plexus as we broke, and Erne seeing it, clinched to escape, thus making a foul of the blow for which I was disqualified. I am willing to meet Erne at any time."

BROAD KNOCKED OUT BY HERRERA

At the fistic carnival on Miners' Day, June 13, at Butte, Mont., Kid Broad, for the first time in his boxing career, was knocked out by Aurelia Herrera in the fourth round of what was scheduled to be a twenty-round bout. Both fought like demons from the sound of the gong. Butte never saw a faster battle, and excitement ran high. Herrera caught Broad with a right-hander in the fourth round, sending him down for the count of nine, but the plucky Kid was sent down twice again, the last time knocked out.

HOLLY DEFEATS CAMPBELL.

A big crowd turned out to see a hot six-round bout between Dave Holly and Vernon Campbell before the Southern A. C., Philadelphia, on June 13. Holly assumed the aggressive from the start and kept after Campbell all the time, never permitting him to rest for a moment.

"Kid" Williams and George Krall opened the show. Krall was no match for the clever "Kid." Jack Durane and Young Marshall boxed six fast rounds, with the honors slightly in favor of Durane. Otto Knop, of Cleveland, and Fred Blackburn were the principals in the semi-windup and it was a good bout.

O'KEEFE AND BRITT DRAW.

Jack O'Keefe, of Chicago, and Jimmy Britt, of San Francisco, fought twenty rounds to a draw at Butte, Mont., June 13. Fully 10,000 people saw the fight. It was fast and furious. Britt had a shade the better of it, but O'Keefe was the favorite with the crowd, as the 'Frisco boy had been accused of fouling repeatedly. The sheriff of Butte jumped into the ring in one round and warned Britt that if he did not fight fair the battle could not go on. Abe Cohn announced four men who challenged the winner. They are Joe Gans, Willie Fitzgerald, Buddy Ryan and Toby Irwin.

The arena was erected on the old ball park. On an elevated platform and under a canvas roof the men fought in a chilling wind while the rain poured at intervals. The crowd of spectators sat in the open, but were not daunted by the inclement weather.

The fight was at 133 pounds, the men weighing in at 10 o'clock in the morning. Britt was a trifle under under weight, while O'Keefe made it exactly. Betting was even all day up to the hour before the fight. Sigmond Hart of Chicago, O'Keefe's manager, put \$5,000 on his man.

Britt was liberally backed, especially by 'Frisco sports. Followers of the ring were there from San Francisco, Chicago, Seattle, Portland and all over the Northwest.

Duncan McDonald was the referee.

The honors were comparatively even up to the thirteenth round, and both men were fighting furiously and mixing things at every opportunity. In the fifteenth round O'Keefe had the best of it and was repeatedly cheered by the crowd, with whom he seemed to be the favorite.

In the twentieth round both men fought savagely and tried hard to land the punch that would bring home the money, but failed.

The preliminary was between Mauro Herrera, brother of Aurelia Herrera, and Howard Ople, of Butte. Herrera knocked out Ople in the sixth round with a straight left to the jaw.

DOUGLASS THE WINNER.

Manager Lew Bailey gave another good show at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on June 12, in which Fred Douglass and Jack Sullivan furnished a slashing bout. Douglass had a big advantage in weight, besides being the cleverer of the two. Sullivan landed a number of apparently hard blows, but hardly any of them

had any visible effect on Douglass. The latter made every blow count and several times rocked Sully with vicious short right-hand counters on the head. He also played the part of an artist, painted both of Jack's eyes a dark blue color and caused the red paint to flow from a gash under the right lamp. It was a hard con.



Photo by Marx: Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOCKEY HICKS.

He is Riding this Season for Perry Belmont.

test from start to finish, and although Sullivan was defeated and received a severe lacing, he was not disgraced by any means.

Jimmy Simister stacked up against a tartar in the person of Billy Willis, in the next bout. Simister was inclined to be the aggressor during the early part of the contest, but Willis managed to take a hand in the game himself, in fact, both hands, and landed some hard wallops on Jimmy's head that was responsible for it rocking considerably, and earned the verdict.

Otto Knop, the cyclone from Buffalo, and Fred McFadden, of Manayunk, were the best pair trotted out. They traveled the prescribed limit. The last round furnished some hot work which ended in Knop's favor, the latter used a left to the face while Fred tried vicious right and left swings to the body, which did very little damage.

Weak Men Cured Free

Send Name and Address To-day—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocoe, etc., and enlarge



Health, Strength and Vigor For Men.

small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 700 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

Every sporting man ought to have a copy of Champion George Bothner's book on wrestling. 70 page pictures. Price, 25 cents; this office.



Photo by Chaplin: Ironwood, Mich.

PAT LANZER.

A 110-pound Fighter of Anaconda, Mont., Known as the Anaconda Kid.

around the stage or room; something that could be used in the day as well as night?.....Never heard of such things as you describe.

W. L. W., Moormans River, Va.—Where can I obtain a book of instructions suitable for a new beginner in the barber business?.....Write to the Barbers' School, Bowers, near Second street, New York city.

J. N. J., Weletka, I. T.—Inform me what a Stradivarius (date 1698) violin is worth?.....Depends upon its condition. Thousands of dollars are paid for genuine instruments. Better let a connoisseur see it.

GET OUR NEXT FREE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT—A CRACK BASEBALL PLAYER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

**AL JOHNSON.**

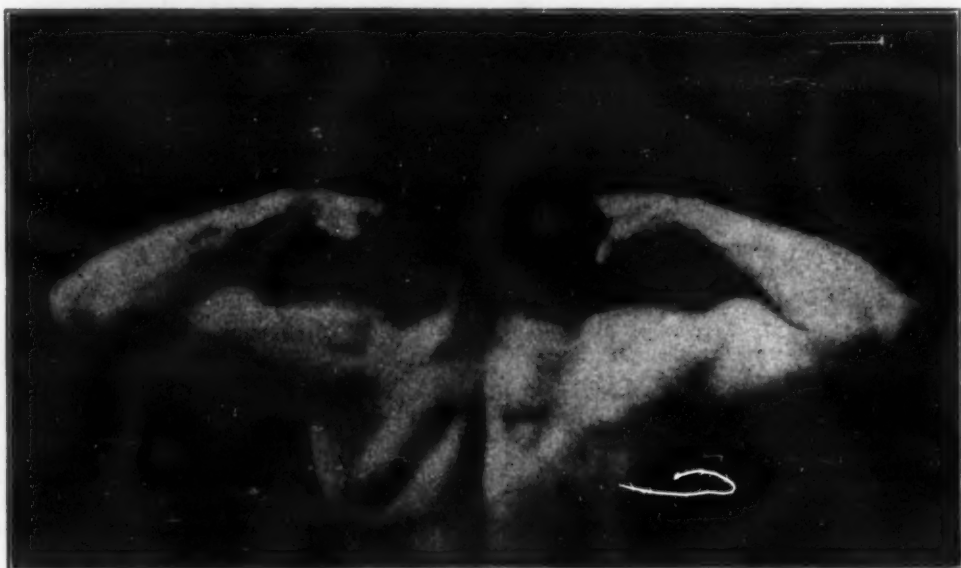
HE IS A CLEVER 126-POUND BOXER
OF ALBANY, N. Y.

**KID DEMSEY.**

WILLING ST. LOUIS, MO., YOUNGSTER
WHO IS A BORN SCRAPPER.

**EDDIE DAVIDOW.**

A LIGHTWEIGHT PUGILIST OF PATCHOGUE,
N. Y., WHO CAN PUNCH.

**ARTHUR S. BEACH.**

A YOUNG NEW YORK ATHLETE WHO HAS EXCEPTIONALLY
WELL-DEVELOPED BACK MUSCLES.

**PETER OHLSEN.**

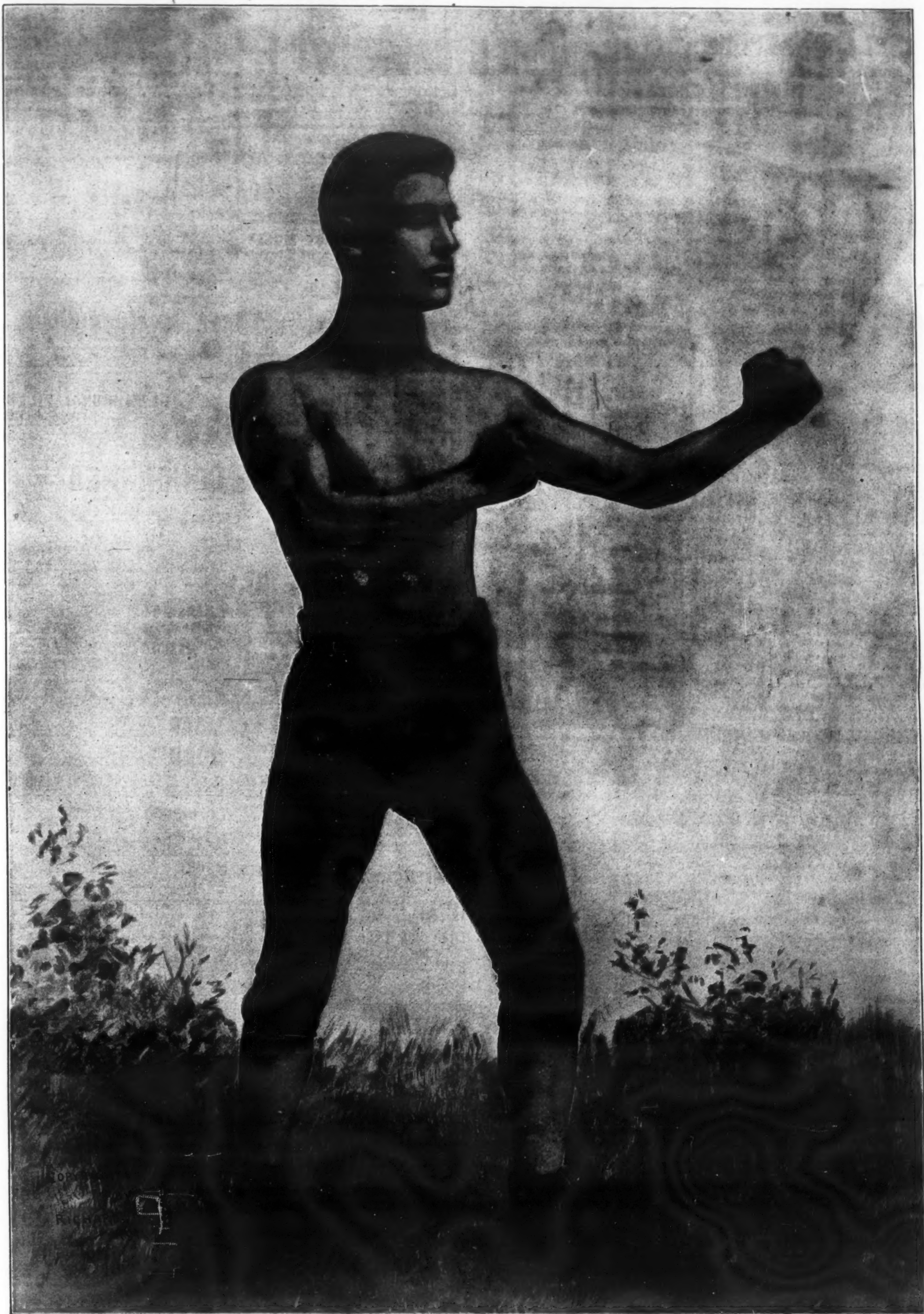
A MILWAUKEE LAD WHO IS CONSIDERED AN ADEPT AT
THE BOXING AND WRESTLING GAME.

**THEY ARE CHAMPIONS.**

THE WOLFE'S CLIPPERS BASEBALL AGGREGATION OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, WHO WON
FROM ALL THEIR RIVALS ON THE DIAMOND LAST SEASON.

**PROF. SUNSHINE.**

A STURDY SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
BOXER WHO IS A COMER.



OSCAR GARDNER.

HE HAS COME OUT OF HIS TEMPORARY RETIREMENT AND HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION TO RE-ENTER THE PUGILISTIC ARENA.

PROMINENT SALOONKEEPERS

If You Have a Good Photograph of Yourself Send It Along.



John E. Haas, of Bradford, Pa., is at present catering to the thirst of the many members of the Bradford Club with cooling beverages of which he is the inventor, particularly his National Daisy, which is in great demand in that section. Mr. Haas has been employed in many of the swell clubs in New York and Buffalo.

\$150 BARTENDERS' MEDALS \$150

James C. Bennett, of St. Louis, is one of the men who appreciates the value of a "Police Gazette" bartender's medal. He entered the last one without any idea that he was going to win, and he got first prize. Here is his last letter:

St. Louis, Mo.
I received the medal O. K. and was delighted and pleased with it. We had a royal time over it. Mr. Hall, my employer, has got the picture cut out of your paper and put in a frame which hangs in the lobby. Your paper is hanging up in all of the big sporting houses here, and every bartender in the city is going to get in the new contest.

I would not part with the medal for \$1,000, and since winning it I have been offered two positions with an increase of salary, but I have too good a position at the Broken Heart Saloon to desire to change.

Yours very truly, JAMES C. BENNETT,
16 South Broadway.

The question now is, who will win the first prize in the contest now under way? Here are the prizes:

- First Prize—\$75.00 Gold Medal.
- Second Prize—\$50.00 Gold Medal.
- Third Prize—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Don't wait to think it over. Send in a recipe at once and get in the hunt. If you have any ambition to better yourself, this is your chance.

It takes a good man to win a "Police Gazette" medal, and if you want to find out whether you are good or not, this is the way to do it.

Don't be satisfied with yourself. Keep hustling. Try and be somebody and win something. Use your brains.

Your business is mixing drinks. Try and invent something new that will make you better known. It will cost you nothing to enter this competition, and you are not even asked to subscribe.

If you should want to, however, the price is \$1.00 for 13 weeks, and you get a book free. The "Bartender's Guide," for instance, or a wrestling book by Champion George Bothner. You can learn something from that, for it is full of pictures showing the different holds.

But send in one recipe, anyhow. By the way, if you belong to a bartender's union will you kindly send to this paper the name and address of the secretary.

All the recipes received will be published in this column. As a result the POLICE GAZETTE ought to be in the hands of every bartender and saloonman in the world. Do you realize its value in your business?

The latest and best Bartenders' Guide will be sent free with the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks on receipt of \$1.00.

DEW DROP.

(By Ernest D. Hanger, Columbus, O.)

One-half jigger Three-Star Hennessy brandy; one-half jigger Vermouth; three dashes Curacao; two dashes Peychaud's Bitters; two dashes syrup gum; fill glass one-half full shaved ice; stir, strain and serve.

NEW RECIPES RECEIVED.

Percy Albrant, Buffalo, N. Y., July-August; E. F. Mantion, Akron, O., A Cooler; H. Schwab, Indianapolis, Ind., Horlick Fizz; James Knowles, Key West, Fla., Lover's Favorite, 3-5-7, Twentieth Century; Ed Turner, St. Augustine, Fla., Boston Sour; James F. Murphy, Chillicothe, O., Murphy Cooler; C. R. Nist, Jersey City, N. J., Angel Punch; Harry J. Faber, Baltimore, Md., The Dora Dene; John E. Haas, Bradford, Pa., After Dinner Cocktail, Slow Fizz, Marlean Cooler.

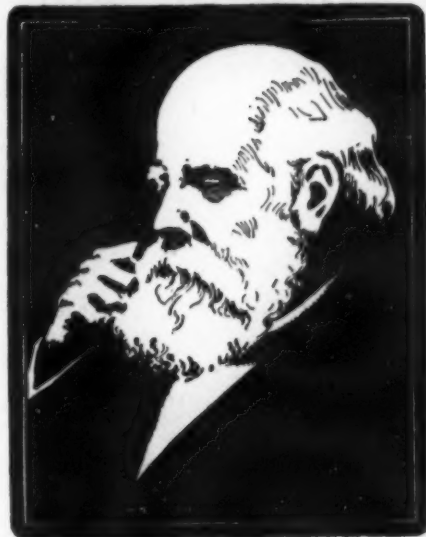
I SAVE WEAK MEN

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Perpetual Youth and Undying Manly Vigor and I Give it to You Free.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man Can Grow Old and it is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Bring all Jaded, Worn-Out Men to This Fountain of Youth.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound Will Be Sent You by Return Mail, Prepaid and Absolutely Free.

I have discovered the marvelous secret of perpetual life and vigor in men. To me it has been given to bring to the fallen, weary, worn-out brothers the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fakes" but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men. The secret of this mighty healing power, this vital life spark, this marvelous tonic fluid is



"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Every Weak Man."—Dr. Ferris.

known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every weak man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to the strength and powerful vigor of youth. With this marvelous, mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible for every weak man to have for his own the glorious manly power, the untiring vigor and the long life of the patriarchs of Bible times. With this mysterious compound no weak man will ever again be troubled with impotency, vital losses, nightly emissions, spermatorrhea, varicocele, premature, defective power or lack of vital energy. Send me no money. It is my duty, guided by an Unseen Hand—it is my mission on earth—my life work—to lift up the fallen, heal the weak and cure the maimed or undeveloped; and to every man who has lost his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and health. I can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness and the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

Remember, it matters not how old you are; it matters not how you lost your manhood, or when you lost it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or stimulating method of treatment, but it is the vital spark of life itself, and it matters not how many remedies and doctors have failed, I have repeatedly and instantly renewed the youth of old men. My secret compound never fails. I have often instilled into jaded men new vitality, health and strength. For worn-out men I have oft kindled, in an instant, and to stay, the sparkling vitality of youth. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 37 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every weak man to come to me for I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, yet I seek not fame nor glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men into the enjoyment of their true manliness and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

\$1.00 pays for a 13 weeks subscription to POLICE GAZETTE and you get a Boxing Book FREE.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers' Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAMP

For any purpose. Best and cheapest light on earth. Harbors, Saloons, Stores & Homes. 50 styles. All prices. Large Catalog and Special Offer Free. Gillett Light Co., 97 Erie Street, Chicago, Ill.

CRACKED HANDS
Cured in One Minute by FLEDO
is a water proof liquid adhesive which forms a tough yet flexible transparent coating, giving instant relief. Cures water sores as quickly. Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold only by THE FLEDO COMPANY, Lock Box 5, Valparaiso, Ind.

EASY MONEY
Can always be made with one of our Steam Merry-go-rounds. Send for circulars of new machines. Always on hand. Immediate shipment. NORMAN & EVANS, Lockport, N. Y.

LOVE CHARM How to make anyone love you with true & everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. Silver. GUN SUPPLY CO., No. 301 Austin St., Chicago.

PHOTO BUTTON PHOTOS 25c to \$3. 12c ea. 3 same 25c. Your Photo Retd., Cut & Sample (our selection) 5c. Big Money to Agents. SUMNER PHOTO CO., Dept. N, BUFFALO, N. Y.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circulars, 2c. Bryant Bros., Box 121-27, Dallas, Tex.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES up-to-date SPECIALTIES; enclose 2c. stamp for reply. Box 723, N. Y. City.

George Bothner, lightweight champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" silver belt, has written one of the best and most useful books ever published on wrestling. It has seventy page illustrations. Order it now. Price, 25 cents; this office.

SPORTING.

H. C. EVANS & CO.
Originators of all electrical sporting goods. Imitated by all, equalled by none. Roulette wheels complete, with 1,000 Harris checks, \$155. TRANSPARENT ELECTRIC DICE, our latest creation. Send for our 44-page catalogue, free. 125 Clark St., Chicago.

HEADQUARTERS For Everything in Our Line. BIG SIX WHEELS, ELECTRIC AND AUTOMATIC WHEELS, SPINDLES, ETC. 20-page catalogue, FREE. Send name of H. Henry & Co. (Inc.), Everything in line, roulette, electric dice, games. Report work in any line. KENNEDY MFG. CO. (Inc.), Dept. N, 120 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

CLUB ROOM GOODS Roulette wheels, tables, layouts, etc. Finest checks in U. S. Send for list. HARRIS & CO., 52 University Place, New York.

CLUB ROOM And Fair Ground goods of every description; also 100 varieties of Slot Machines. Send for catalogue before buying. Address OGDEN & CO., 90 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW DEVICE for operating any hold-out, \$25. Free catalogue of New Improved Hold-out, Inks, Dice, Cards, Fair Ground Games, Etc., Etc. Sure winners. J. JAMES MFG. CO., Fort Scott, Kan.

Marked Bicycle Cards. 6 decks \$5. Counter Magnets \$15 to \$35. Transparent Dice \$10. Crap Dice that get the money \$2.50 per pair. Spindles, etc. Deane & Laser, 1067 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.

MARKED CARDS (New work.) Gamblers stand it. \$1 per deck. Latest Transparent Dice Work, Inks, etc. Cat. free. J. Knauth, Eau Claire, Wis.

CRAP DICE that get the money, \$3.00. Marked cards, etc. Cat. free. D. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

CRAP DICE \$3.00 Marked Cards \$1.00. They win the money. Catalogue FREE. National Supply Co., Edina, Mo.

BLOCK OUT INK. Sample free. Cards, Dice. JOHN P. SKINNER, 137 1/2 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

CARDS. Sample pack, stamped back playing cards sent WITH KEY for 35c. Jas. Johnson & Co., Austin, Ill.

A MAGNIFICENT ART ALBUM Free

YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER A THEATRICAL ART ALBUM OR AN ATHLETIC ART ALBUM

If you will send in 3 Quarterly Subscriptions to the POLICE GAZETTE at \$1.00 each, you will receive, FREE, either Album you may select.

These handsome volumes are 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches, are printed on heavy white paper, and handsomely bound in white vellum.

Nothing like them has ever been published. Each Album contains Sixty Beautiful Pictures, those in the Athletic Book being Champions of all kinds, and those in the Theatrical Volume, the Likenesses of well known Actresses.

If you want both Albums send in 10 Subscriptions.

Bear in mind they are absolutely FREE.

All money orders must be made payable to RICHARD K. FOX.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

BIG C CURES
Big C is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

ARE YOU A WEAK MAN?

The "Vienna" Discovery Sent Free. A large sample of the "Vienna" Discovery and books on marriage, etc., sent free. Results of Abuse, Drains, Lost Manhood, Weak and Undeveloped Organs cured by this wonderful discovery. Don't be a wreck. Enjoy the pleasure of life; we will open the way to you to be a man again. Write to-day at once. Correspondence confidential. Marriage Guide and other books sent FREE. W. C. Albert, Dept. 272, 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL."
Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, the TASTELESS, CERTAIN and SAFE cure for unnatural or infectious discharges from urinary organs. Cures quicker than any other remedy. Causes no stricture. At druggists \$1.00, or by mail in sealed packages from THE TARRANT COMPANY, 21 JAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS.
Safe, pleasant, Ladies' and Druggists' for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamp) for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 3579 Madison Square, N. Y. C.

GONORRHEA or Gleet discharges stopped in 48 hours by CITROMANDALINE capsules. Best remedy for men in trouble. Cure yourselves. Positive cure guaranteed in 5 days, by mail, \$1. The CITROMANDALINE CO., 66 Broadway, N. Y.

PERSONAL.

I SEEK HUSBAND for Lady, 22, worth \$10,000 and beautiful farm. Widow, 26, \$50,000 and stock farm. Lady, 26, \$40,000. Lady, 22, \$8,000 and beautiful home. Address: MRS. LELAND, 19 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIAGE Directory free to all. Pay when married. New plan. Send no money. For particulars address SELECT CLUB, Dept. 23, TEKONSHA, MICH.

GET MARRIED 10,000 LADIES are anxious to marry. Many worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000. Big sealed list with full descriptions and P. O. addresses mailed free. STAR AGENCY, 402 Austin Station, CHICAGO.

YOUNG WIDOW, age 23, with \$10,000; lady, 20, \$50,000; lady, 25, \$15,000; blonde, 18, cash and beautiful farm. I seek honorable husbands for these. Confidential. Address MRS. W., 697 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY 10,000 are very anxious to MARRY. Many rich. Big list, pictures, and addresses mailed free. STANDARD COL. CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD SILVER AND HIDDEN TREASURES CAN BE found by Hall's Magnet Rod. Millions of dollars lying under your feet. A book and testimonials free. Address P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

10,000 ARE ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED addresses FREE. The PILOT, 43, 148 Hamlin Ave., Chicago

THE HINDOO LUCK CHARM is now worn by every successful sporting man. Send \$1.00 to AMULET CO., OTTAWA, ILL.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. The best in existence. Eastern Agency B, Bridgeport, Conn.

MARRY or correspond. Join our fraternity. Paper free. National Alliance, Grand Rapids, Mich

MARRY correspond with Western ladies, many wealthy. Star, 573 4th St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Boxing and How to Train" is one of the best books of its kind published. It is free to you if you will send \$1 to the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks subscription.

SLOT MACHINES.

6-SLOT ROULETTE
EQUAL TO FOUR OR FIVE ORDINARY SLOT MACHINES. WRITE TO FOSS NOVELTY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

Mills' Deweys \$55; 20th Century \$65; Watling Dewey \$38; Brownie \$15, and 100 others at reduced prices. Sloan Novelty, 900 Girard Av., Philadelphia, Pa

Electric Light Blowing Machines; the latest, most novel and catchiest slot machine out for service, \$50.00; dry battery \$25.00. J. H. Gasser, Webster, Mass.

OWLS \$15; Owl Jr. \$14; Detroit's \$45; Musicals \$60; Pucks \$38. Box 121, Sandusky, O.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

ELGIN, WALTHAM
OUR Prices ON all movements, in 20 year gold filled cases, are the lowest; do not buy one until you see our prices. Send for our free catalogue. Or, we will send you an ELEGANT WATCH and CHAIN COMPLETE C. O. D. \$3.75 by express for free examination. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you do not consider it equal to any \$35.00 gold filled watch warranted 20 years, it will be returned at our expense. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Diamond Jewelry Co., Dep. B23, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago.

George Bothner, the lightweight champion wrestler of the world, has written a book on wrestling and posed for over seventy full-page pictures. The book is the best of its kind ever published, and is now ready. It teaches the science of the game and all the holds. Price, 25 cents, this office.

BARBERS OF PROMINENCE

If You Have a Record Send it in to the "Police Gazette."



Theodore Kenner, of the Herald Square Tonsorial Parlor at 105 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, is an expert tonsorialist and has the distinction of shaving many men prominent in theatricals as well as many clubmen of the Metropolis. Mr. Kenner is an ardent admirer of boxing and for many years a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE.

\$150 WORTH OF MEDALS FOR BARBERS.

Who Will Win the Police Gazette Tonsorial Championship?

This is going to be a record-breaking contest. The entries and records are coming in with every mail.

The services of a special clerk are necessary to attend to the proper classification and filing away of the entry blanks.

Don't be left at the post.

Get in line.

Send for an entry blank.

See what you can do.

It costs you nothing.

It is all free.

If you are a barber you must take a little pride in your ability.

That is if you are a live one.

If you are a dead one, don't enter.

Let the spiders weave webs over your front door.

Look at these trophies:

First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.

Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.

Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

When this contest is over we will know who the real ones are, and they will have their hands full, too, accepting challenges and making money.

There's a lot of matches ahead for the winners.

Read this:

If I should be unsuccessful in my attempt to wrest the honors from my competitors, I would be willing to meet the holder of the title for a good big side bet.

I have the POLICE GAZETTE on file in my shop, and I wouldn't be without it if it cost four times the price.

I think I know a good thing when I see it and besides, I know what my customers want.

I am the inventor of the horseshoe hair comb.

Yours very truly, FRANK BAIA,

323 Furman Street, Brooklyn.

If you can use a fine "Barber's Recipe Book," you can have it free by sending in \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for 13 weeks.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR SUBSCRIBER.

I have been a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE for the past sixteen years, and I must say it is better now than ever. I am going to enter the barbers' contest and think I will stand a chance.

LOUIS BERNIER,

1207 Magazine Street, New Orleans.

NO CONDITIONS.

I shall try for one of your medals, but I want to know what the conditions are.

PAUL P. DI MARZO,

478 Pennsylvania Ave., N. Washington, D. C.

[All the conditions are above. Lather and shave your man; that's all.]

HIS CUSTOMERS MADE HIM ENTER

At the request of my customers I have entered your tonsorial contest, and herewith send you my record. I have taken your paper for many years and it will be on the table as long as I am in business.

H. W. COOLING, Havre De Grace, Md.

THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT.

I am going to try and get all the barbers of this town to enter your contest, and I am going to try myself.

HENRY J. SCHUSTER,

Fourth Ward Barber Shop, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

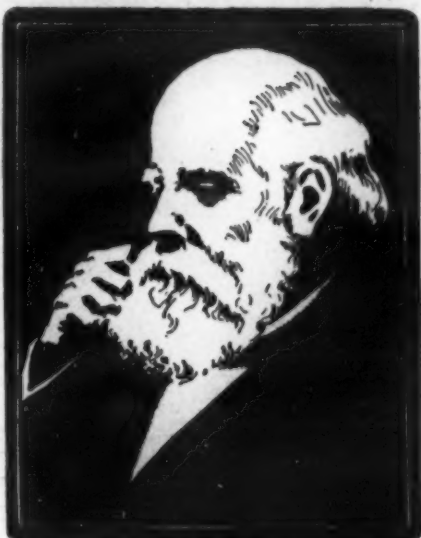
I CURE SYPHILIS

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Nature and I Give It Free to You.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man or Woman Need Suffer From Syphilis and It Is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Restore All Suffering Men and Women to Perfect Health.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound Will be Sent to You by Return Mail, Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from syphilis, in any stage. To me it has been given to bring to the weary, sore, worn-out brothers and sisters the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of



"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Syphilis."—Dr. Ferris.

love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake," but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this marvelous fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to perfect health. With this marvelous mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the mucous patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy and wholesome. With this mysterious compound no man or woman will ever again be troubled with syphilis or any of its evil effects.

Remember it matters not what stage your case may be in. It matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medicinal method of treatment, but it is the vital life spark itself, and it matters not how many remedies or doctors have failed I have repeatedly and instantly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret compound never fails, and its cures are lasting; never again are any of my people troubled with Syphilis. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 8014 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every person suffering from syphilis to send to me and I will forward by first mail, prepaid, a package of my marvelous discovery. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, and yet I seek not fame or glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men to the enjoyment of perfect health and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

GREATEST OF CONTESTS.

My opinion is that the "Police Gazette" barbers' contest is the greatest ever held before, and I am sure no other paper could make such a success. I think Mr. Fox deserves a lot of credit for settling the question as to who is the barber champion.

JAMES GALLAT, Miami, Fla.

MUST HAVE THE GAZETTE.

Enclosed find \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks. I don't see how I could get along without it in my shop, as it holds my customers when we are busy.

THOMAS H. CARRSOT, Hopewell, Pa.

HIS GOOD RECORD.

My record for cutting a man's hair and shaving him is seven minutes, and according to witnesses the work was first class. This was in Evanston, Ill. I have a shop now at 612 Vandewater avenue, St. Louis, and am going in your new contest.

RICHARD M. CAMPBELL.

SYPHILIS SYPHILIS

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